

The TATLER

Vol. CXXI. No. 1572.

London, August 12, 1931

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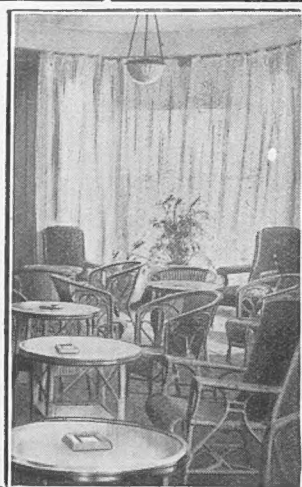
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Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

THE CHILDREN OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DALKEITH

Lord Eskdaill and his two sisters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Caroline, Scott, who are the grand-children of the Duke of Buccleuch. Lord Eskdaill has hair which in a girl would be called Titian, and there is at Eildon a portrait of him by an artist of the de Laszlo class, which gives his vivid colouring the chance it deserves. Lord Eskdaill was born in 1923, Lady Elizabeth was born in 1922, and the younger daughter in 1927. Lord Dalkeith, as has been stated many a time, is Joint Master, with his father, of the Buccleuch hounds, and Lady Dalkeith, as has not been said quite so often, takes a great interest in this beautiful pack, and also goes very well over the excellent country they hunt



AT THE RUTLAND SHOW: LADY KESTEVEN
AND MRS. HILTON GREEN

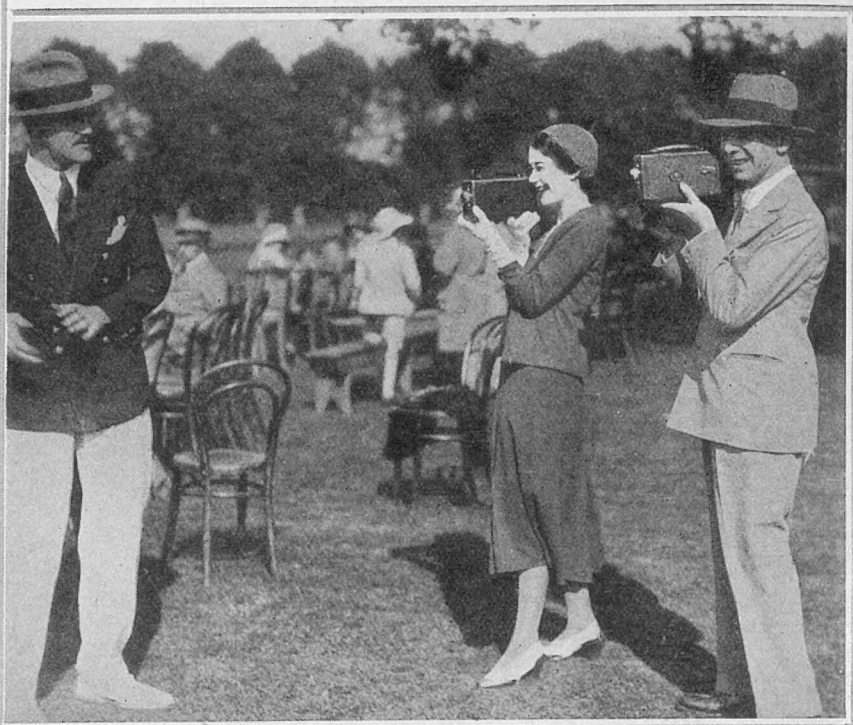
The Rutland Show was held at Oakham last week and was a big success. Lady Kesteven is the widow of the late Lord Kesteven, whose peerage is extinct, and Mrs. Hilton Green is the wife of the new Master of the Cottesmore, Mr. C. Hilton Green, who previously had been Master of the North Cotswold and the Meynell—and also incidentally of the Eton Beagles!

DUBLIN.

DARLIN', note my Irish manner of addressing you. Sure enough I've quickly caught the "goodwill to all men and particularly women" atmosphere of the country which abides here, at any rate during Horse Show week! Soft sawderers all are Irishmen, but they have a great facility for making you feel a success, which is elevating, so good luck to them.

Here I am at the Show, no need to specify the animal exhibited when writing from Dublin just now. It's evidently the place to be judging by the 'normous amount of people present, and how the judges (chief among them are Mr. Alex Parker and Captain Wickham Boynton) manage to "sort" the horses beats me. There's a record crowd of entries, equine and human, say the authorities; lots of American visitors; of the weather I hardly dare say it's all right, as I'm beginning this letter after the first day. The military jumping competition over, special high jump—and what a height it seemed—went to Ireland with Italy as runner-up, and Captain Talbot Ponsonby third

The Letters of Eve



AT THE OSMASTON POLO: LADY DASHWOOD AND SIR TRESHAM LEVER

Very busy with their movie cameras and here finding a victim with the cinema sense! It happened at Sir Ian Walker's Polo Tournament at Osmaston Manor, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire. Lady Dashwood is the wife of Sir John Dashwood, Bt., and Sir Tresham Lever, who is the second baronet, is a director of Thornton Butterworth, the famous publishers



AT THE BORDER SHOW: LADY HADDINGTON (centre)
AND CAPTAIN AND MRS. COX

At Kelso, Roxburghshire, last week, where the Border Agricultural Show and St. James' Fair were held. Lady Haddington, who is a sister of Lady Minto, and Captain and Mrs. Cox were all exhibitors

for England; though, as his father was Master of the Kildare Hounds for years, Ireland might claim him too.

For the first time for five years there was a class for four-in-hands, and England drove away with this. Lord Powerscourt is one of the chief ingredients of the Dublin Show; apart from being very good looking he can always be counted on for a quip. Major Gordon Foster, the very nice Master of the Sinnington, Mr. Ernest Bellamy, and Captain Maurice Kingscote were three of the extra knowing people he had collected.

Sir Harry Greer is a famous Kildare character, and no one knows better than he which end of a horse is which. Specially well met was Lady Blanche Douglas, for she doesn't go about much these days. Lady Mary Meade was very natty in blue and white crêpe de chine and a Robin Hood hat, but I'm positively baffled by the thought of making any sort of list of those present. Mary More O'Ferrall, Mr. Peter Samuel, a very pretty Miss Lawson, Lord and Lady Holmpatrick, Mrs. Aylmer, Lady Bute with relations galore—all these names trickle readily from my pen.

Then there were Lady Helena Fitzwilliam walking with

Sir Anthony Weldon, Colonel and Mrs. David Lynch, who came with Captain and Mrs. Bruen, Captain Hornsby, Mr. Tom Hilder, the new Master of the Galway Blazers, and so on. More of this later; I must relay other happenings in the interval.



Howard Barrett
AT THE KINGSTON, DERRY SHOW: THE
HON. MICHAEL STRUTT AND MR. JOHN
TOLLEMACHE

Last week was crammed full of shows, horse, puppy, and otherwise, not forgetting the big Dublin one. The Hon. Michael Strutt is the younger son of Lord Belper by his first marriage, and Mr. John Tollemache, who is in the Coldstream, is a kinsman of the present Lady Belper, who was Miss Angela Tollemache

Country polo can be either English rusticity at its best, or absolute h— . Unfortunately the decision rests with Jupiter Pluvius, whose adverse comments have been very noticeable. However, he dealt most courteously with Sir Ian Walker, whose tournament at Osmaston Manor is one of Derbyshire's principal doings. The programme optimistically extended over a week, and with such marvellous arrangements let's hope that the first few days' luck held; incidentally, the Derby Infirmary benefits by every bit of interest shown. Sir Ian himself is, of course, starred in the

Colonel Hurdall "fetched up" from Lincolnshire, whither he has gone into a minor retirement, and Captain Frank Spicer, a noted ornament of the Beaufort, also came to play.

My bulletin reads on: Lady Walker, Sir Ian's mother, was battling nobly with her duties as hostess, and also with a high wind which threatened to deprive her of her brown straw hat.

All Derbyshire came, of course, in hats both great and small; Lady Maud Baillie was in black and white. "Polka dots" abounded, but they are a harmless fancy and look cool. Lady Bridget King - Tenison was in a white hat and on a "coach," the centre of a lively group. Miss Rosemary Hall-Walker (Lord and Lady Wavertree's adopted daughter), had a high beaver collar to her coat which made a perfect back-ground to her lovely skin. Miss Susan Ramsden-Jodrell is evidently as popular in Derbyshire as she is in Cheshire, for her welcome was tremendous. The Sherwood Foresters' Band made admirable music, and to clinch the matter at the end of each chukker, instead of the ordinary bell, an artist in gay scarlet livery sounded a hearty blast on a coach-horn.



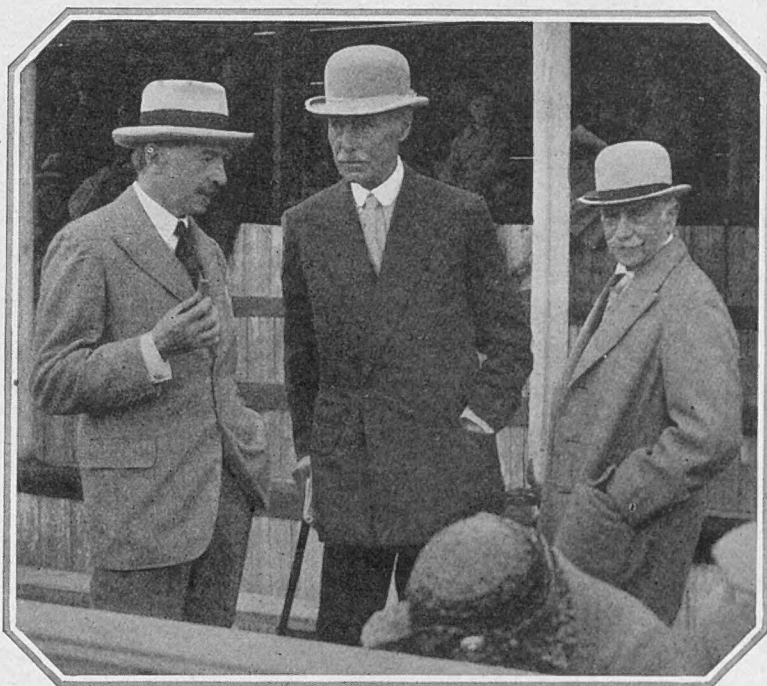
AT DEAUVILLE: M. AND MADAME
DUBONNET

A holiday snapshot of the lady who is justly rated one of the best dressed and most beautiful in Europe and her husband. Madame Dubonnet was formerly Mrs. Nash

list of eligibles, whilst one of his Osmaston team, Lord Sefton, has probably had more match-making mothers to contend with than most. None have won so far as we know.

The first day had everything in its favour, and quantities of people came to look on at the skilful play, for most superior people were competing. To wit, Colonel Denis Boles had his "Blues" team there; this includes the Duke of Norfolk, who was playing No. 1. Now that he has sold Littlehampton for a really round figure the Duke should be able to indulge in this his favourite game. At the beginning of the season I believe the chances of his being able to do so were distinctly in the balance.

Other teams playing were "Gaddesby Hall," under the auspices of Captain "Jackie" de Pret, the Beau Brummel of Leicestershire, and "Mixed Grill," who are liable to be over-cooked if the summer goes on for more than a few days.



AT THE FERNIE HUNT HORSE SHOW: MAJOR GUY PAGET,
MR. H. T. MILLS AND SIR MAURICE LEVY

Mr. H. T. Mills is the chairman of the Fernie Hunt Committee and one of the best-known personalities in Leicestershire. Major Guy Paget is another well-known Fernie personality and his seat is Sulby Hall, and Sir Maurice Levy, who is also a Leicestershire veteran, has his seat at Great Glen House

I know the niceties of "Contract" are not too easy to master, but I think that all the rudimentary terms should be learnt before plunging into play. The following shows what I mean:

The scene is a country house party of large dimensions and considerable austerity. All of a sudden the clear young voice of a debutante rings out across a room full of tables, "Look out, partner! remember, we are voluptuous too!"

Sussex society has been kept in its place longer than usual owing to

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Miss Judy Denman's marriage, which took place last week. The Cowdray family were prepared to spring off to Dun Echt immediately the wedding was over, for Scotland is the scene of further festivities connected with Mr. John Pearson's coming of age. (The English manifestations of this event occurred at Cowdray earlier in the year, as you remember.)

But to return to Mrs. Walter Burrell (as she will be when you read this); marvellous are the presents which she has received. Annie Lady Cowdray's gift of emeralds will vie with Lady Denman's pearls; Sir Merrik Burrell has provided a diamond necklace, and Lord Denman a motor-car.



AT FRINTON: SIR NEVILLE PEARSON AND HIS SON NIGEL (kneeling) AND JOHN KER

There is the best of sand for amateur architects and irrigation engineers at Frinton, and here you see Sir Neville Pearson dealing with some of it. Nigel Pearson is his son by his first marriage and was born in 1925

This romance is of long standing, for the bride and bridegroom have known each other practically all their lives. She kept her hunters in Sir Merrik's stables at Knepp Castle for years, and altogether the two families have had much in common.

The honeymoon is to be spent on a grand scale, with all Northern America and the Rockies in particular as a background.

For how long are we to manage in England without Lord Castlerosse? No one knows, least of all his valet, who was, I am told, left in charge of nineteen suits of clothes, thirty-two boxes of cigars, fifty-six golf clubs, and no instructions, when his master left for Canada with Lord Beaverbrook. The latter, I believe, is disgusted with the reception of his political campaign, and may have shaken off British dust from his feet for awhile. *Nous verrons*, as almost anyone may say who pretends to speak French.

But to come back to Dublin; night-life of the most sterling quality was given by the American Minister and his wife. There is no doubt that when Americans set out to do a thing they don't stop half-way. Perhaps the "going" wasn't absolutely perfect, but that was a minor flaw considering all the other attractions. There was a lovely conservatory in the proper Victorian manner, with fairy-lights hidden among the flowers.

I think the chief glory was in the gardens, where a huge search-light vied with the most romantic moon. Neither of these,

however, could keep track of a very well-known young lady whose mother looked high and low without success when the order was given for home! The whole house party were turned into tufters who drew all outlying ground and the quarry was ultimately viewed.

Lady Milbanke, Lady Ainsworth, and Mrs. Derrick Murphy were all winners in the class for "young marrieds"; Sir John Milbanke wasn't taking much part in the dancing, for he was just recovering from a touch of the sun which caught him at Leopardstown. Would you believe that that of all meetings could provide such an affliction? Usually there is a cloud-burst, and no one could believe that the blue sky there was real.

To get on with the dance. Our hostess, Mrs. Sterling, wore a perfectly lovely silver dress. Anti-dazzle devices were almost needed when looking at Miss Olive Plunket, for her silver sequins really took one's eyesight away as she trod some goodish measures with Lord Milton.

A cut above the rest for height and looks were Miss Clodagh Anson and the two Baird sisters, Evelyn and Margaret; they were staying with their aunt, Lady Holmpatrick, who also threw a party during the week.

What a state we shall be in after all these festivities; late racing at Phoenix Park gives the *coup de grâce*, but it has all been the greatest fun.

One of the most attractive turns in the show-yard was given by the Inter-Hunt teams; then the Ladies' Challenge Trophy for horses ridden by women in proper hunting kit made a really good show. Lady Ainsworth's Cottage Pie did the trick in this class. France and Sweden had a battle for the Military Jumping Competition, and we got worn out with holding our breath at each obstacle!

Lady Lavery took all the shine out of the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill as she sat in their stand dressed all in white. Mrs. McNeill, however, was wearing quite the last word in everything, and attracted marvellous eyes wherever she went.



AND ALSO: LADY PEARSON (MISS GLADYS COOPER)

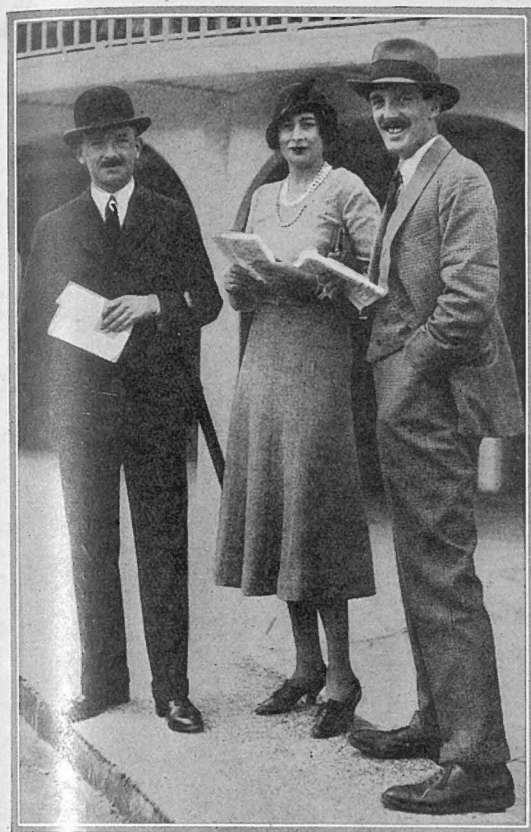
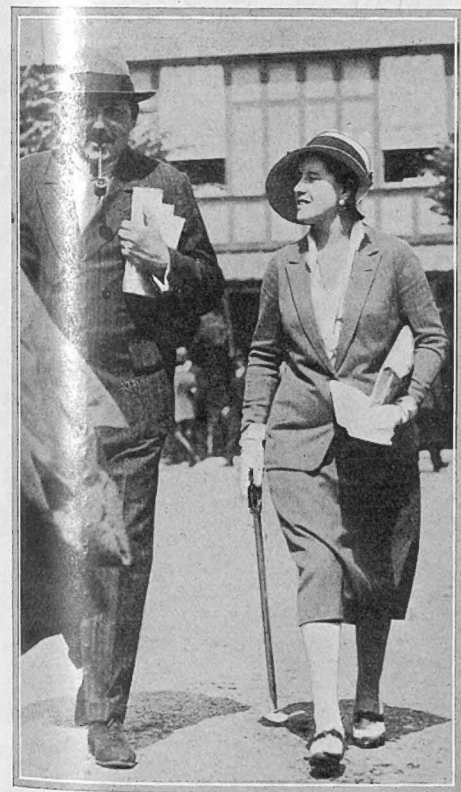
Glare goggles disguise even the most beautiful, but when there happens to be a rare spot of sunlight on sea and yellow sands they are a necessity! Miss Gladys Cooper's wedding to Sir Neville Pearson took place in 1928

The activities of thieves in the hotels made a topic of conversation which never flagged. Poor Mrs. Toby Greenall came off worst.

I hadn't heard the new Irish National Anthem before, but as played by the Irish Army band whilst parading before the Governor-General it was really very stirring.

Lord Granard was a very important person there; also the Brinsley Plunketts; Mrs. Gordon Foster, in bright red; and Mrs. Willie Napper, in beige. That engaging person, General George Paynter, was browsing about looking out for a likely 'chaser or two. You'll get tired of my reeling off names like this, so I'll just put in Lord and Lady Waterford for luck and add Mrs. Arthur Kavanagh, because she looked so nice in black and white. Forgive me if I've overdone the doings in this island, but they've gone to the head of your—EVE.

AT DUBLIN'S GREAT SHOW

LORD MONCK, LADY MARY MEADE, AND THE
HON. MERVYN WINGFIELDCAPTAIN IAN TUBBS AND MISS
SOPHIA DENYSMISS BRIGID ARKWRIGHT, THE HON. MARY
WARD, AND THE HON. HELEN WARDSIR JAMES AND LADY NELSON
ARRIVING AT THE SHOWTHE HON. PETER SAMUEL, MISS SUSAN WILSON,
AND MISS MYRA BULLERTHE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS
OF WATERFORD

Dublin Horse Show week, coinciding as it does with the Yearling Sales week, always draws an enormous crowd, and this year in spite of the fact that no one owns up to having any money, the attendance is a bit over the average. The Dublin hotels were full to the lid and almost every country house had its party, plus a big one in Viceregal Lodge, where H.E. the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill were entertaining. Lord Monck, who was appropriately in the Coldstream, for their original title was "Monck's Foot," and they have rarely been without a Monck for many generations, is in the picture with Lord and Lady Clanwilliam's daughter and Lord Powerscourt's heir, the Hon. Mervyn Wingfield. Captain Ian Tubbs is another Coldstreamer, and Miss Denys is a sister of Sir Peter Denys. The Hon. Mary and the Hon. Helen Ward are two of Lord and Lady Bangor's daughters. Sir James and Lady Nelson, who have hunted in Galway hitherto, are going to hunt in Meath next season, and no bad judges either, for it is as fine a country as there is in the wide world. The Hon. Peter Samuel is a younger son of Lord Bearsted, and he and Miss Susan Wilson and Miss Myra Buller were in Lord and Lady Powerscourt's house party for Horse Show week. The Marquess of Waterford is Joint Master of the family pack, and he and Lady Waterford, who was Miss Juliet Lindsay and is a kinswoman of the Earl of Crawford, had been caravanning in the West, doing for themselves all the time.

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

The Cinema : The Right Kind of Show

By JAMES AGATE

ONE of the reasons why I like revues is their variety, which ensures that in all probability you will not be bored throughout the entire evening. In musical comedy if you happen to dislike the shape of the leading lady's legs or the pattern of the leading comedian's wit you are, so to speak, done, since you will get nothing else. "You see your dinner before you," is a saying of simple German hostesses, and this applies to entertainments which are necessarily all in one key. The same thing applies to the films where, if you are not enamoured of a leading lady with a bee-stung lip playing opposite a leading man with the jowl of a sentimental bloodhound, you are again, for that evening, completely lost. That is why I am always nervous about entertainments consisting of one film and one film only. On a recent Saturday night I proposed to myself to visit a film running at one of our largest houses, and this despite the fact that I do not particularly care for the tremendously boosted star singly featured therein.

When I found that there were no seats below 8s. 6d. my natural caution asserted itself. Bang, I felt, might go sixpence, but not those other eight shillings. Instead I went across the way to the Empire where I found what I should regard as an almost ideal programme. Arriving some time before nine I found myself plunged into a piece of nonsense in which Mr. William Haines, who was really Lord Robert Brummell, was pretending to be an American gigolo. Lord Robert, you see, had proved by practical experience that no woman could resist him and, being the scion of a noble English family, he refused to find his bride in so irresistible a concatenation. He had taken a fancy to Roxana Hartly, played by Miss Irene Purcell, who treated him with scorn until she was apprised of his real identity when, of course, she prepared to leap into his arms. The pair retired to some quaint sea-side inn of a magnificence before which whoever is responsible for the Dorchester Hotel could only bow his head in shame. There followed the usual scene of seduction which causes so much giggling among the more anæmic of our sempstresses and the more red-blooded of our butcher-boys. Only this time it was the lady who was doing the seducing. Roxana having retired to that which despite its magnificence must still be called a bedroom, was observed to put her naked arm round the jamb of the door and ask Lord Robert to fish out her pyjamas. Which he reluctantly did. After the time necessary for the donning of bifurcated slumber-wear, the bedroom door was thrown open and Roxana appeared militant in day-wear reaching from chin to instep. After boxing Lord Robert's ears she proceeded to call him every vituperative name under Heaven; whereby the poverty of the American language stood revealed. At this moment Lord Robert's uncle and Roxana's mother turned up and to them Lord Robert announced that he had obtained Roxana's consent to a marriage. This was not true since he did not obtain that consent until ten minutes later in a shower-bath with the water turned on. I think I disliked Miss Purcell more than anybody I have seen on the screen, though I make the pronouncement tentatively. It is possible that this lady is an extremely good actress, and that she so perfectly portrayed the vulgar-minded little hussy who was Roxana that I confounded the character with the actress. In that case I admire Miss Purcell enormously. If, however, Miss Purcell should deem her Roxana to be a fetching creature of irresistible allurements, why then I have only to say that I profoundly and respectfully disagree. But the great thing about films like *The Dancing Partner* is that an hour sees them through.



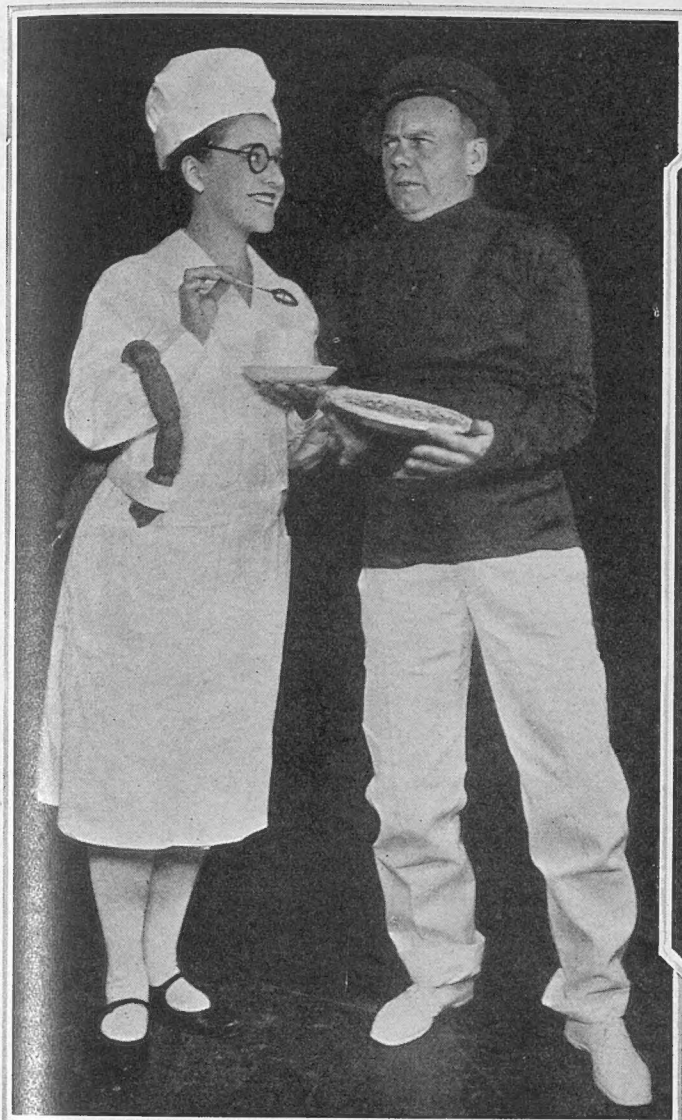
WARNER BAXTER AND DOROTHY MACKAILL

In a new film they are making for the Fox Corporation, the name of which is not yet announced. Dorothy Mackaill is English, and after being a Ziegfeld Folly was translated to the movies, where she was an instantaneous success

At half-past nine we were treated to a fairly good film entitled *Egmont Overture*. What this really means is that some orchestra played Beethoven's overture not too badly, while one lot of people photographed the playing and another lot canned it. But, I repeat, it wasn't too bad, and personally I would rather see Beethoven murdered than any jazz composer brought to life. Then came *Swiss Movements*, which was, of course, a cartoon on the now familiar lines. Here I am perfectly certain that sound is a diminisher of delight, and that Felix, who did not meow, was better. Next we had *Wild Life on the Veldt*, an entrancing picture of the game reservation in South Africa. The music to this was exceptionally good, and the ten minutes or so that the film lasted were a complete joy. Then followed *British Movietone News*, which was a batch of unusual interest including the Prime Minister's visit to Berlin, the voyage of the German airship to the Pole, the mechanism of escape from submarines, Goodwood Races, the Hood-Dundee fight, the final of the Davis Cup, and the New Zealand Test match. All these were first-class, except that I suggest that whoever is going to report any game or sport should have some technical knowledge of that game or sport. The eye-witness who was describing the Test match told us that Sutcliffe had just "cut one through to fine leg." Let me suggest to this gentleman that the cut is a stroke executed on the off side of the wicket. But apart from this trifling matter the budget was very good indeed. Then came the capital delight of the evening—Laurel and Hardy in some comedy by Mr. Hal Roach, the name of which hardly matters, but was in fact *Chickens Come Home*. Mr. Hardy on this occasion was standing for Mayor and dictating his election-address to his secretary, Mr. Laurel. This scene which was a little gem should be a lesson to all who employ secretaries, and to that abject class as well! Mr. Laurel was finicky about his pencil, the point of which, of course, broke in the middle of Mr. Hardy's more emphatic words. He was nice, too, in the matter of emendations, punctuation, and so forth, and one felt that from such co-operation nothing but a master-piece could result. "Read it!" commanded Mr. Hardy, and Arctic wastes are not as blank as the expression which then spread over the face of Mr. Laurel, totally unable to make out a word of what

he had so carefully transcribed. At that moment a lady entered demanding from Mr. Hardy the price of amours twenty years old. But Mr. Hardy was giving a dinner party, and so it became necessary for Mr. Laurel to entertain this virago, wildcat, and hell-fury until Mr. Hardy's dinner-party should be over. But I feel sure that I have no need to go on. I have no doubt that Chateaubriand and Sainte-Beuve, Bergson, and the late A. B. Walkley would be able to explain to their entire satisfaction why these two are so irresistibly comic. The point here is that I cannot do with any explanation and that I cannot do without Laurel and Hardy. If I may permit myself the smallest possible criticism it is that their present setting is much too magnificent. They should live in a little house a little bigger than Laurel and a little smaller than Hardy. Their setting is essentially that class which while possessing evening dress is a little staggered at having to put it on. To show them taking this wear for granted and to astound us with the things that then happen is less funny than it would be in the social scale in which they were originally conceived. On the whole an extremely enjoyable evening. I left the Empire grateful for a good entertainment and jingling those five shillings which I was enabled to lay out to other advantage.

SOCK AND BUSKIN



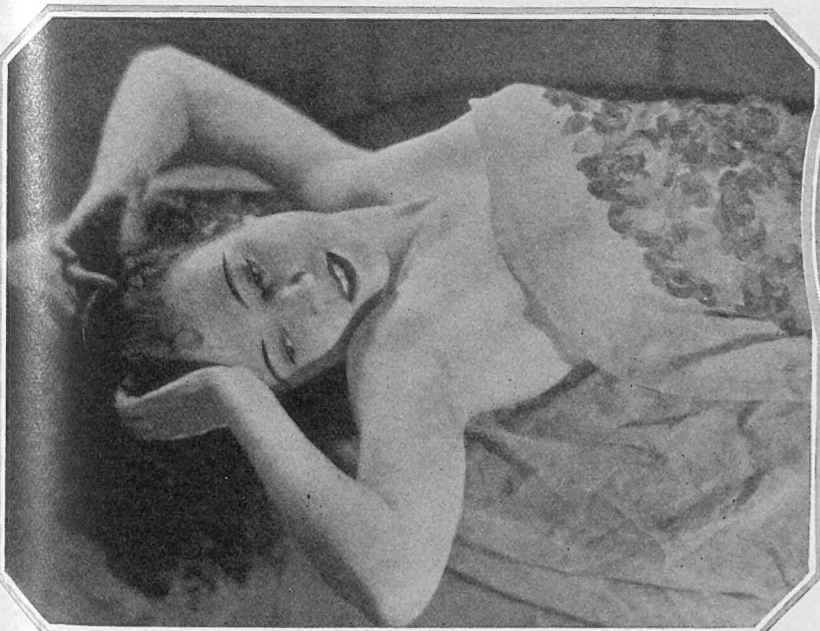
Stage Photo Co.

MISS ROSE KING AND MR. CHIC YORK IN "THE HOUR GLASS"



Stage Photo Co.

MISS NINA DEVITT
ALSO IN "THE
HOUR GLASS"



Walter Bird

MISS JULIE SUEDO IN "THE IMPROPER DUCHESS"



Mlle. ELENA MIRAMOVA

"The Hour Glass," which was produced at the Victoria Palace at the end of July, has struck various people in various ways. Normally it is a revue, actually it all revolves round that clever lady, Miss Rose King, whose comedy is full of sparkle and vitality, and who, while doing nothing in particular, does it extremely well. Mr. Chic York aids and abets her. He is her husband and both hail from the U.S.A. Miss Nina Devitt is one of the stars of the dancing department. Miss Julie Suedo plays Maimie Hatch in that persistent success "The Improper Duchess" at the Globe Theatre, which has been running since January, and is still like someone's famous whisky! Mlle. Elena Miramova is a Russian-American actress who has come to England to create the rôle Grusinskaia the dancer in Vicki Baum's play, "Grand Hotel." Mlle. Miramova has already played the part in New York and made a success of it

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

THE last two days of Goodwood, for many the last racing before Doncaster, were full of interest, and the smashing performance of Noble Star in the Stakes stamps him as one very difficult to handicap out of the Cesarewitch should that be his objective. The Cup on the Thursday was not a race at all, and this Marathon now provides yet a third luncheon interval while the contestants hack canter round to the junction of the courses from which point it becomes a three-furlong scurry home. This year it was worse than ever; no notice at all was taken of the pace-maker, Mail Fist, and every jockey had but one thought, to be behind Brown Jack. In the end Donoghue had to go on, and was forced to take a pull so as not to take the running off his own pace-maker, who was thus in front for nearly two miles. Without minimizing Salmon Leap, on whose victory we offer Mrs. Arthur James our best congratulations, in a true run race we do not think he would have won. Trimdon, I understand, broke down, as did Stingo in the King George's Stakes. The only two-year-old of any merit to make his debut was Miracle, a gigantic Manna colt of nearly 17 hands belonging to Lord Rosebery. He beat nothing, but he did it in run-away style, and from the way he was backed he must have been found useful in a trial at home.

Holmwood won the Rous Memorial in a cake-walk, and it is hard to say how good Golden Hair colt may be. He is said to be the best at Manton since the days of Gay Crusader, and certain it is that with the exception of Cockpen he stands out alone of the two-year-olds this season. His inability to act at Epsom does not augur too well for his Derby chances next year, and for that reason I prefer the long-striding Cockpen as a classic potentiality.

The two-year-old form worked out all through the meeting as it has done throughout the year with no odds or upsets, and this must have made a good Goodwood for the majority. Let us hope, any way, that the two gentlemen had a good day on the Friday after their vexatious experience of the night before, when having started out a party of four they were wending their way homeward only two strong, lachés, despondent, and sore at heart, only to take the wrong turning and drive into the sea, not far enough for blessed peace and forgetfulness but just sufficiently to get stuck and have to walk home.

The Chesterfield Cup was yet another triumph for Frank Butters and Lord Bill, who went down to the post as sour as a horse could go and came back like a lion. There can be no gain-saying the brilliancy of this trainer at placing or horse-mastership with any class of horse from classic horses to platers, and it is particularly

gratifying in the circumstances to see him enjoying such a good season.

The questions lately asked in Parliament about the finances and management of the totalizator will probably elicit no coherent reply, though it would be intensely interesting to the public to know exactly what the machine is doing. It seems too much to hope that some new management will be introduced which will turn the concern from an insufferable incubus into an advantage to racing. Perhaps it is already too late and the commitments too large for even a financial brain to right it.

The sudden death of Major Fetherstonhaugh in Goodwood week came as a great shock to all, and his place will be hard to fill. The Royal stable has been, and still is, passing through a very lean period, but perhaps with the price of bloodstock at its present very low ebb a strong nucleus of new blood will be able to be bought at the yearling sales this year and the luck of Egerton House revived. The present string must be heart-breaking to all concerned.



MR. ALEC COTTRILL

The son of Mr. Harry Cottrill, the well-known trainer and a true chip of the old block, as he is one of the best of our Gentlemen Riders and is always more or less in the money to right it.



W. Dennis Moss

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

At the Beaufort Hunt Farmers' Exhibition at Badminton. It was the 66th anniversary of this exhibition, of which His Grace is the president and the Duchess the vice-president

Racing after Goodwood seems, and is, very small beer, and Ally Pally on the Saturday was dull and expensive. Bank Holiday meetings are a great fillip for racing, held as they are all over the country, but the standard of these, too, isn't very high. Brighton gets a good attendance of holiday-makers and those who have stopped on from Goodwood, who make a point of backing Frank Hartigan's and Walter Nightingall's fancied animals. "Unlikely" never left anything in doubt for a second, but poor old Jugo having battled his way home in front was disqualified for bumping and boring and didn't even get a prize for regular attendance. Even those who had backed the winner were sorry to see this gallant old warrior disqualified, though he will probably have another dozen chances or so before the season ends.

With Cowes, Antibes, Scotland, etc., the racing army bursts like a shrapnel on the Friday night of Goodwood, and for those who have been racing regularly since Lincoln it is a welcome relief. Horses and trainers need a rest, and till York there is little to recall them from their holidays.

AT TWO SORTS OF SHOW



AT THE NEW FOREST SHOW: MAJOR AND MRS. MILLER-MUNDY, MISS M. SHERIDAN, AND MISS MILLER-MUNDY



ALSO: MR. O. T. PRICE, MAJOR SIR GEORGE MEYRICK, M.F.H., AND COLONEL R. E. CECIL



AT THE BEDALE PUPPY SHOW: MAJOR DORINGTON, CAPTAIN STIRLING-STUART, MISS CHRISTIE, AND MRS. STIRLING-STUART

The pictures at the top were taken at the New Forest Agricultural Society's Show at Hinton Admiral, Sir George Meyrick's seat. He is President of the Association, and has been Master of the New Forest Foxhounds since 1919. Major Miller-Mundy, who used to be in the 1st Life Guards, and in their polo team, has a house at Andover. Puppy shows are now in full blast all over the country, and the ancient Bedale, who descend from the Old Raby Hunt, held theirs at Kirkby Fleetham, Yorks. Captain Stirling-Stuart, who is in one of the groups, used to be in the Greys, and Mrs. Stirling-Stuart is a sister of Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, wife of the new Master of the Cricklade V.W.H. Lord Mountgarret, who is engaged to Miss Christie, is Master of the York and Ainsty North. The country was divided yet once again in 1929. Mr. David Lycett-Green is Master of the South



AND ALSO: LORD MOUNTGARRET, M.F.H., AND MISS CHRISTIE

With Silent Friends : By RICHARD KING.

Manifestations of the Mind.

I DO wish I had the reputation of being psychic. To be psychic is as good as a drawing-room talent, and far easier to succeed at than learning the piano. But I am not psychic, and I have too much sense of the ridiculous, I suppose, to pretend that I am, as some people do and "get away with it" in triumph, when in reality it is only earnestness without humour. But alas, I never receive a message. The table never turns for me. I am the recipient neither of warnings nor thought transference. I am just admirably nil. It is not that I do *not* believe. I do. Quite a lot I believe and quite a lot I don't. But I never *experience*, and belief without experience is often a foundationless thing. The nearest feeling to actual experience on my part is a strange certainty when I have lost something for ever, I will find it eventually after due search. But this doesn't help me much, because although something within tells me insistently that I shall never find that which I seek, I still don't believe it, and consequently must go on seeking for it until I am in such a bad temper that I should feel no elation even if success did happen to crown my efforts. Beyond this tiny manifestation of what Edith Lyttelton calls the super-conscious mind, in her interesting new book, "Our Super-conscious Mind" (Philip Allen. 10s. 6d.), I am ingloriously nothing. And so I lose a very easy form of social popularity, since I have discovered that those suffering most acutely from repressions are furious if asked to repress them. I read of cases of unhappy people who, after visiting a psycho-analyst and discovering that all their misery has been caused by a slap in the wrong place by a nurse, return home contented and happy, having got to the bottom of what has proved to be the hidden bane of their own lives, and incidentally, of those who have, so far, had to live with them. It must be very nice and really quite cheap at the price. The human mind is such an extraordinary and odd collection of things consciously remembered, sub-consciously recollected, hereditary, tradition, the result of up-bringing, repression, or too great expansion in one direction, that it is impossible to unravel its tortuous ways and means, or at least only in part.

"Our Super-conscious Mind."

Any book which has to do with the complex manifestations of the sub-conscious mind is not usually an easy book to read. Edith Lyttelton's is no exception to this rule. Nevertheless it will repay study even though you may not always agree with her conclusions. Myself, for example, can never take quite seriously the importance of dreams. We dream so often and so regularly that it would be strange indeed if occasionally our night vision did not prove prophetic? But alas! you can't rely upon such prophecy. You don't even know until it is too late that your dreams have been prophetic at all! Only experience shows you that there really was some connection between your dream and your own subsequent happiness or disaster. All the same, logic does accord something to the theory propounded in the book that we are actually living two lives—one consciously, the other super-consciously; that the super-conscious life is cognizant of many deeper mysteries than the conscious



COMMENDATORE GELARDI

Who has been appointed Director of The Towers and the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for the New York season 1931-32. Commendatore Gelardi, who is manager of Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street, London, is being loaned to this New York hotel because it is the best way—and, in fact, the only way—of creating in a new hotel a certain atmosphere and characteristics which are to be found in only two or three hotels in Europe. He leaves for America at the end of August for the opening of the Waldorf-Astoria, the largest hotel building in the world

one knows anything about, and that occasionally it is able to reveal its knowledge through some manifestation of the conscious mind. Edith Lyttelton writes: "The super-conscious mind displays real knowledge of the future not existing in any incarnate mind or deducible from such knowledge. It conveys its knowledge to the conscious mind by the same mechanisms, the same abnormal methods of expression, as it uses when conveying information which is in the possession of the same incarnate mind or minds. The deduction to be drawn from this may be that the super-conscious part of a man's mind is in contact not only with the conscious and super-conscious part of other living minds, but also with another field of existence where time is different from our time, and is thus enabled now and then to see the future as if it were the past, as if it were the inevitable scene of a drama in which we play our already destined and rehearsed rôle." This is the summary of her theory, to propound and explain which she brings forward evidence collected by herself, mostly from new sources. This evidence which is culled from dreams, psycho-analysis, religious inspiration, mysticism, mediumship, and genius, seeks to prove the reality of our super-conscious mind and the hidden world in which it moves and has, comparatively speaking, a separate being. You may not agree with some of it, you may disagree with much of it; indeed, you may believe only a modicum, but the subject is an important and always an interesting one, and Edith Lyttelton states a difficult case clearly, making its difficulties quite easy for the average intelligence to understand.

* * *

Sentenced to Death.

One has often wondered what one would do with oneself if one were sentenced to death, with, say, only a few hours' reprieve. It is a grim game we all play in our imagination from time to time, though the make-believe conclusions are, I am sure, not in the least as the result would be if such a fate ever befell us. In his new novel, "Deep Evening" (Cape. 7s. 6d.), the American writer, Mr. Eugene Löhrke, sentences to death a whole ship-load of people. An Atlantic liner crashes into an iceberg, and between that awful moment (incidentally some of the passengers fail quite naturally to realize how awful the moment is), and the moment when the boat finally disappears beneath the surface of the ocean, the whole story "happens." And yet it is not exactly a story. There is no connecting link between any of one set of characters with any other set. Each character indeed is a separate compartment, the majority removed absolutely from any immediate human personal contact. The result is therefore less a novel than a series of vivid life-stories, each life threatened by the same impending disaster. Yet, undoubtedly most of these life-stories and nearly all the characters do actually seem to live. The descriptions are vivid in the extreme, the men and women well defined, yet totally dissimilar. The result is that each person on board the sinking liner is, so to speak, a story to him or herself. Yet, apart from Major Wandrell, a weary, disillusioned diplomat, and Mrs. Gilpin, restless, discontented, persistently trying to dramatize herself by dramatizing each situation in which she

(Continued on p. 268)

A "DOLE"-FUL STORY

By George Belcher, A.R.A.



"'Ome ain't the same wivout me 'usband's 'appy smile round the place all day"

"What, you surely ain't lorst 'im!"

"No, not exactly lorst 'im, but blest if 'e ain't gorn and found work!"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

finds herself, the doomed passengers do not merge. This makes the book unsuccessful, regarded as a novel; yet regarded as a series of brilliant character photographs, it is a book you should make a point of reading; especially if you are interested in the raw elements of character as it stands within the shadow of impending death.

In Lighter Vein.

And yet one could hardly call the two novels, included in one book under the title of "Sand and the Blue Moss" (Davies. 7s. 6d.), by Edward Charles, exactly "light" reading. The main thing, however, is that the first, at least, deals with a subject seemingly as popular as murder. Namely adultery. The number of heroes and heroines who struggle to reveal what they can only consider to be a world-truth by describing their infidelities is truly staggering. They are always going off with somebody else and taking 300 pages to explain their motives, describe the process, and to sum up in terms of self-righteousness exactly why it was right that they did so. And really nobody cares very much. Yet nothing will ever convince these heroes and heroines that there is not something subtly yet profoundly different in their case from the case of the milkman who leaves his wife for the blue eyes of the butcher's fat daughter. And so "Sand," the first of these two stories, is all about a married man, Peter, becoming infatuated by a pretty school-girl of seventeen, eloping with her to Switzerland and living with her two years until his wife, through their small son, seeks to disturb their purely physical bliss.

(If purely physical bliss ever does endure two years?) The trouble, however, is that we get to know far too much of Peter, and he is rarely more than dully self-analytical, and too little of his wife, who might explain so much of Peter's conduct, yet doesn't, simply because she is never anything more than a "wife," the woman who stands as the symbol of everything which the mistress doesn't happen to be. On the other hand "The Blue Moss" is quite a notable piece of work. Once again the scenes are laid in Switzerland, but the theme is infinitely more interesting. Briefly it is the vivid study of a man's mind from sanity to insanity, and from madness back to the comparative norm. Driven mad in the first place by an appalling domestic tragedy and an attack of malaria, he commits a murder. It is not, however, traced back to him, but from it his insane mind builds up a kind of insane philosophy, openly confessing that he it was who killed the girl. He is at once removed to a mental clinic, and while there we watch the gradual and painful way back from insanity to reason. The whole story is intensely interesting, however, rather than depressing. It is very skilfully done indeed.

A Beautiful Story.

And yet the novel I have enjoyed reading this week more than any of the others has been Jane Dashwood's "The Month of May" (Murray. 7s. 6d.) It is more like the biography of an obscure life than a novel seeking deliberately to startle by the originality of its theme. In it the adulterous do not shriek their quite commonplace infidelities. Neither does death nor disaster walk deliberately abroad. It is just the simple, charming,

humorous, yet pathetic tale of a family, and one member of that family who missed the primrose pathway in life, and age somehow or other prevents her from ever finding the way back to it again. The whole story passes within the space of twenty-four hours, yet these hours suffice. They are sufficient to introduce us to a whole family, each one a separate personality; the back-ground of their several comedies and tragedies the sun-bathed English country-side in spring. Among them all it is Mary, the "daughter left at home," whom we get to know best. Through her eyes we see the others. The sister, for example, who married the curate and became a popular novelist; the younger sister, who fled from the boredom at home to what she believed to be freedom in London; her brother's selfish and foolishly snobbish wife; and Dick, her cousin, whom she had loved in secret all her life, but who had married someone else and found only loneliness and unhappiness. And Dick returns for a brief space during the birthday of Mary's old father. Once again he sweeps Mary off her feet. Yes, she will follow him to London the next day, and from there they will go to the Argentine. Both of them have lost their youth; there is no

more time to waste, and real love rarely knocks twice on the same door. And then in the evening all the guests have gone, and Mary and her old parents are left once more alone to the quiet of their lives. The monotony of happy duties once again makes romance seem tawdry and unreal. Mary does not keep her promise to meet Dick the next day in London. It is just too late for that sort of thing. She, at any rate, is too old. And so

the story comes to its quiet close. Not for a long time have I read one which was so human, so amusing, or so true to ordinary human affairs, so lifelike, and yet so kind. Slight, it may be, but its skill and charm make it distinguished. It is the kind of novel that you love rather than merely like. And which you keep rather than lend.

A Thriller.

You may depend upon "Sapper" for thrills, and in "The Island of Terror" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) he has surpassed himself. It is a mixture of "Treasure Island" and the best murder mystery story, compounded in fairly equal parts of love, a torn chart (half of which is in the possession of the hero and the other in the hands of a blind dwarf and his murderous gang of assistants), fighting on a desert island, the unexpected appearance of men who are half beasts, the abduction of the heroine, a gallant rescue by the hero, of course, and finally the echo of wedding bells. Thrilling incidents packed with all the close proximity of sardines in a tin. A simply gorgeous affair of blood-thirsty make-believe. "Sapper" at his "sappiest."



"What's he talking about all the time, old man?"
"I don't know; he doesn't say"

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BY RICHARD KING

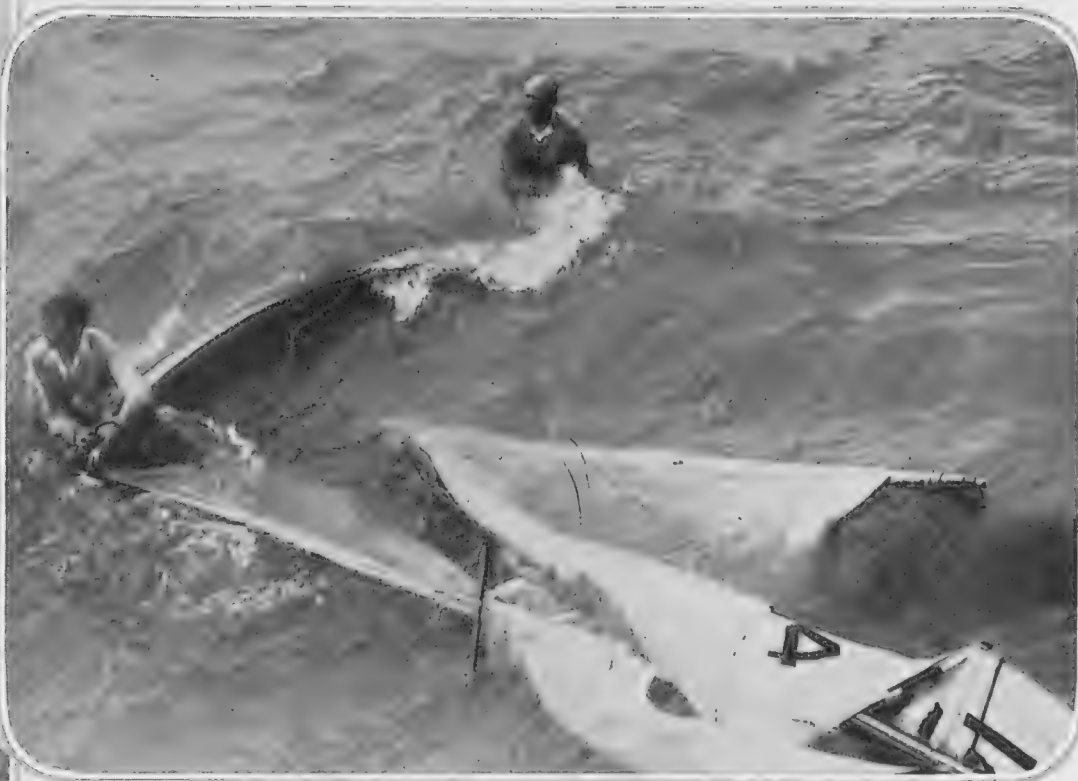
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H. M. Till
INTO "THE DITCH" AT RYDE: MR. MORGAN SILES (left) AND MR. M. C. MORGAN SILES
—AFTER THE DINGHY RACE



Balmain
AT NORTH BERWICK: CAPTAIN SYDNEY LANE, MISS PEGGY
HAMBRO, AND MR. ANGUS HAMBRO



LORD ROTHERMERE AT
BADEN-BADEN



Balmain
LORD GAINFORD AND LORD KENMARE WAITING
THEIR TURN AT NORTH BERWICK

Mr. F. T. B. Davis, the owner of the famous racing schooner, "Westward," has a special affection for Jersey because he once worked aboard a Jersey fishing smack as a boy at the princely wage of 3s. a week. Those who have been to St. Heliers probably have seen "Westward" berthed in the inner harbour many a time. Mr. Morgan Siles and his son won the 14-ft. dinghy race at the Ryde regatta, and then the disaster seen in the picture at the top right hand of this page happened! Luckily they were none the worse. Mr. Angus Hambro, who is in the North Berwick group with Captain Sydney Lane and Miss Peggy Hambro, is an ex-captain of the Royal and Ancient. Lord Gainford, who is in the other North Berwick snapshot, was Postmaster-General in 1916, when he was Mr. Joseph Pease; Lord Kenmare is a Senator of the Irish Free State. Lord Rothermere was snapshotted in the Kurterre at Baden, where he is indulging himself with a holiday

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Back to the Land.

IT is the fashion of the moment to be agricultural. Cabbages and corn, meadows and mangel-wurzels are of intense interest; cows and sows are wows. The truly up-to-date person brandishes a hay-fork in place of an umbrella, and his ambition is to reap and sow instead of to dine and dance. A noble ambition, redolent of the soil and eminently sod-worthy. But let such people look a little beyond loam, sweet loam, to the whole subject of open spaces and grass and the gradual diminution of land area, agricultural and aeronautical. Let them realize that they will have no loam of their own unless they stem the tide of bricks and mortar.

There is only one kind of open space associated with modern development, and that is the aerodrome. It is time that someone having authority should come forward to press for the setting aside of aerodrome space in all town-planning schemes. At present the number of aerodromes in proportion to the population is exceedingly small. The new edition of the "Air Pilot," which has just been issued by the Air Ministry and which all who fly ought to buy, gives a total of ninety-nine aerodromes and landing grounds, service and civil, in Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Of these fifty-four are civil and the rest service, the numbers including sea-plane stations.

It is not enough. Efforts should be made to double the number and also to make existing aerodromes more attractive. I would suggest that the first essential—and the one most often overlooked—is compactness in the buildings. Directly buildings are allowed to spread over the aerodrome the place is ruined. Buildings and offices must be highly compressed and kept out of the way. Then some judgment should be used

in planning the details. The person who set up that corrugated iron fence which runs alongside Croydon aerodrome ought to be boiled in oil. There is no need for that horror, and it prevents people on the road seeing aircraft landing and taking off, and so having their interest in aeronautics stimulated.

Another thing is that every effort should be made to keep to grass as the aerodrome surface. It ought to be possible, now that heavy machines are all having tail wheels in place of skids, to avoid great expanses of concrete or tarmac on all except the worst-drained aerodromes. Grass is the most pleasant surface to land on, and it gives the aerodrome a satisfying appearance. And where concrete must be used let it be tinted green so that it does not throw the sun painfully up into the eyes.

"The Air Pilot."

From "The Air Pilot" a distinct tendency to allow buildings to spread and scatter themselves all over aerodromes is to be noticed. It should be resisted, at the same time as the need for more and more central aerodromes is emphasized.

"The Air Pilot" itself appears in the same guise as formerly, with the two brass screws that strip their threads after the first month's use. Like the aerodrome buildings it would be improved by greater compactness. But, apart from that, it is a valuable book, and it shows evidence of careful compilation. From it one

learns that thirty-five places have now had their names written on the ground or on roofs of adjacent buildings as an aid to the cross-country aviator. That is a step in the right direction.

Power cable masts are now being set up in various parts of the country of heights up to 338 ft. and wireless masts go up to 820 ft., so that the need for knowing their position is great. Here again "The Air Pilot" is of value.

Schneider Trophy.

NOW that the French and Italian teams have given definite dates of arrival at Calshot, there seems every prospect of a good race for the Schneider Trophy this year. If all nine machines start, indeed, it might be the finest Schneider Trophy race ever flown. It will certainly be the fastest, and average speeds of more than 340 m.p.h. may be expected.

There has been so much speculation about the performance of the new Rolls-Royce engined Supermarine seaplanes that it is not out of place to rehearse the facts that became known about the 1929 machines. These facts were widely published, so that I shall not be accused of giving secrets away to our opponents by mentioning them again.

The Rolls-Royce "R" engine gave 1,900 h.p. and weighed

1,530 lb., but in the air it was able to increase this output to some 2,100 h.p. and more at considerably over 3,000 r.p.m. The actual revolutions used in the race may not be mentioned, but it may be said that they were not the maximum, for there were sufficient reasons for keeping them down.

The power output amounted to some 90 h.p. for every 100 cub. in. swept volume of the engine, so that this year we may expect that this figure will be exceeded.

The figure for ordinary moderate supercharged engines is about 40 h.p. for every 100 cub. in.

The "Homer."

THE White Star Line have made arrangements for their s.s. *Homer* to be the official ship of the Royal Aero Club for the Schneider Trophy contest. She will be anchored at the western end of the course near one of the acute-angled turns. After the race the winner and the competing teams will be received on board and there will be a dinner—as in 1929.

THE following winners have come to hand in connection with THE TATLER Flying Competition:

The Royal Aircraft Establishment Aero Club, Farnborough, Hants.—J. Price (Sub.-Lieut. R.N.), Burford Croft, Firgrove Hill, Farnham, Surrey.

The Midland Aero Club, Castle Bromwich.—Mr. F. D. Perry, Russell Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.

The Haldon School of Flying, Devon.—Mr. L. Whitlock, Holsworthy, Devon.

The De Havilland School of Flying, Hatfield.—Mr. W. G. Battersby, "Corbar," Hadley Wood, Barnet.

Brooklands School of Flying Ltd., Brooklands Aerodrome, Byfleet, Surrey.—Mr. R. C. Handasyde, The Green Room, West Byfleet.



AN AIR PAGEANT NEAR RUGBY

A group of some of those who worked hard to make the recent air pageant at Cole Hill, Bosworth, near Rugby, a success. In the picture are Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lees, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., Miss Wrey, Miss Winifred Spooner, and the Hon. Thomas Verney-Cave, the son and heir of Lord Bray, formerly in the R.A.F.

Bale

*Yevonde, Victoria Street*

LADY ROSABELLE BRAND

It is safe to say that Lady Rosabelle Brand has viewed the arrival of the end of the season with a certain amount of relief, for the chaperoning of a débutante daughter, particularly one as popular as Miss Rose Bingham, is something of a strain on staying powers. Early in the summer the engagement of Miss Bingham to Lord Warwick was rumoured, but this was subsequently contradicted. Lady Rosabelle is Lord Rosslyn's elder daughter. She was the widow of Mr. David Cecil Bingham when she married Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Brand in 1916; Lieut.-Colonel Brand died two years ago

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER. I am back on the Island but I ran up to Paris for the finals of the Davis Cup. Ancient history by now of course but so thrilling that you must allow me my own little burble about it. The Roland Garros stadium was packed as you know from already having seen innumerable "News Reel" records of the event. Tennis



MADAME IRENE BORDONI

The famous French actress and film star made a flying visit from New York to London to see a performance of "The Improper Duchess," in which she is shortly to play the lead in America. She saw the play and then left post-haste for Paris

—or at any rate these finals—seems to be attracting a rather rougher crowd than of yore. A very rowdy and vociferous crew made itself heard at times from the cheaper seats. Protesting when the referee employed English terms, and exacting *zéro* instead of "love," *égalité* instead of "deuce," and *manche* instead of "sett." Childish, but *que voulez-vous*?

Our immense—and truculent—Redelsperger, who must surely be the fattest referee in the world, an amusing figure in his big sombrero, lost his temper more than once, and made the curious but instantly comprehended announcement that "if talking continues in the tribunes it is impossible to play on the court." with the result that a certain amount of silence was obtained. The crowd let off steam afterwards, however, by hurling the little red cushions that pad the concrete seats into the court to celebrate Cochet's victory. Hurling through the air they looked like a shower of immense roses. Next year, however, I suggest to the organizers that—from a purely decorative point of view—it would be better to cover the cushions in green material; rose-red on a brick-coloured court is a painful combination! Unfortunately green is considered unlucky in this country . . . and, anyway, will there be any hurling to do? It was a near thing this year.

Paris seems to be a very empty city just now. Where have all the people got to, since reports from the various fashionable beaches complain of the absence of a great number of *habitués*? The answer seems to be: Colonial Exhibition . . . to which I will add, and the hundred per cent. English talkie films; "Anna Christie," "Reaching for the Moon," "The Outsider," "Tom Sawyer," "Big House," "Street of Chance" are always sure of crowded houses despite the fact that they have been showing for weeks. There are dozens of picture

houses in Paris where only English-speaking pictures are shown. At the Panthéon, a pretty little theatre in the heart of the Latin quarter; at the Studio Diamant just off the Place St. Augustin; at the Washington Palace in the Rue Magellan, close to the Champs-Élysées; at the Elysée Gaumont in the same quarter . . . at all these houses nothing but English (or should I say American?) speaking pictures, and all these theatres are run on the English and American plan—no tips, no extras! Is this one of the secrets of their popularity? The Pagoda, in the rue de Baby'one, is worth a visit if only for the beauty of the hall. It was the *salle des fêtes* of the Chinese Legation in Paris; the carvings and mural paintings, the lacquer, the gilding, the richly-embroidered hangings are really gorgeous. There is a pleasant little garden outside with fresh, green lawns, certainly one of the pleasantest places in Paris.

I got back to the Island in time to accept an invitation to lunch with a company of Boy Scouts who have camped next door to my farm and who have an exaggerated—and charming—sense of gratitude over the use of my well and the loan of my canoes. As nice a bunch of well-set-up lads—ranging from ten to sixteen—as one could ever wish to meet. They are in charge of a young abbé who keeps an apparently detached but very fatherly eye on them. The luncheon was delightful. The young beggars can cook. Canned salmon, that was easy you will say . . . so I admit, but it was served with a mayonnaise of their own beating. Then eggs and spinach followed by a dish of tender green peas. The sweet was a velvety mixture of porridge and chocolate *mousse*. Cheese, fruit and coffee to end with. We sat in horseshoe formation; a heap of folded blankets for M. l'Abbé Ducaud-Bourget, one of the scout's mothers and myself, while the eighteen lads had tufts of pine needles. Three scouts handed round the dishes and served. Two were "in" the kitchen between the pine trees where they had built their stove. No mess, no untidiness. A model outfit altogether and, I repeat, such nice lads. A most agreeable experience. With love Très cher, PRISCILLA.

The State-run Comédie-Française has not apparently got out of its financial troubles over the past season's productions, and though many successful plays have been put on it is said that the manager did not make the most of his financial possibilities, and put on new productions before he had exhausted the current ones. It is not denied, however, that the Comédie Française was very fortunate in its selections. The only trouble is that it is still in debt.

SPINELLY *D'Oru, Paris*

Who, although following the vogue of the beach pyjama, has them cut on novel lines, in fantastic black and yellow stripes and she wears them with the "Spi" chic!

ONE OF OUR "BLUSHING BRIDES"



MISS ANITA PAGE IN HER LATEST PICTURE

Ruth Harriet Louise

"Our Blushing Brides," which is Anita Page's and Joan Crawford's latest picture, is one of many Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions in which the former is appearing, and is of a typically transpontine type. The brides are both extremely easy to look at, as all film fans probably know perfectly well, but neither of them looks particularly susceptible to blushing. It is a breezy, amusing comedy. Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomara and Joan Crawford's is Lucille de Suedo and both of them are in the front rank of America's lighter comedy stars. Anita Page is a "Lorelei" blonde type and Joan Crawford, who started her career as a cabaret dancer, has the most beautiful Titian hair. In "Our Blushing Brides" these attractive young ladies provide a useful foil to one another

PERSONALITIES AT LEOPARDSTOWN

SIR CLAUDE HILL AND MRS. JAMES
MCNEILLLADY MILBANKE AND SIR ANTHONY
WELDONLADY WILKINSON AND THE EARL
OF WICKLOWLADY JOAN PHILIPPS AND MISS
FOSTERMISS CYNTHIA BARING, LADY AINSWORTH, AND MISS
EVELYN BAIRD

MAJOR SIR NEVILLE WILKINSON IN THE PADDOCK

Leopardstown Races are always a useful curtain-raiser to that week of weeks, the Dublin Horse Show, and everyone you are likely to meet at Ball's Bridge is certain to be at them. All the house parties have been filled up long before, and H.E. the Governor-General Mr. James McNeill has one at Viceregal Lodge. Sir Claude Hill, who is Governor of the Isle of Man, is in the Viceregal party and is seen in the Leopardstown paddock with Mrs. McNeill. Lady Milbanke also has a house party at Mullaboden. Sir Anthony Weldon has been buying race-horses and not without success. His seat is Kilmorony, Co. Kildare. Lady Wilkinson is the wife of the Ulster King-at-Arms, Sir Neville Wilkinson, who is in one of the lower pictures on this page. Lady Joan Philipps is a daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam. Miss Cynthia Baring, who is the Hon. Nigel Baring's daughter, has been hunting with the Limerick Hounds the last two seasons and Lady Ainsworth is the wife of the famous Master of the Tipperary; Miss Evelyn Baird, who is with them, is Lady Hersey Baird's daughter

Photographs by Poole, Dublin

The Wilton Hunt Gymkhana



LORD MELCHETT, M.F.H., AND HIS SON, THE HON. JULIAN MOND



OVER THE TOP! MISS SUSAN FREEMANTLE AND MR. PAT FREEMANTLE



NO YOU DON'T! MRS. MUIR AND MISS SUSAN FREEMANTLE

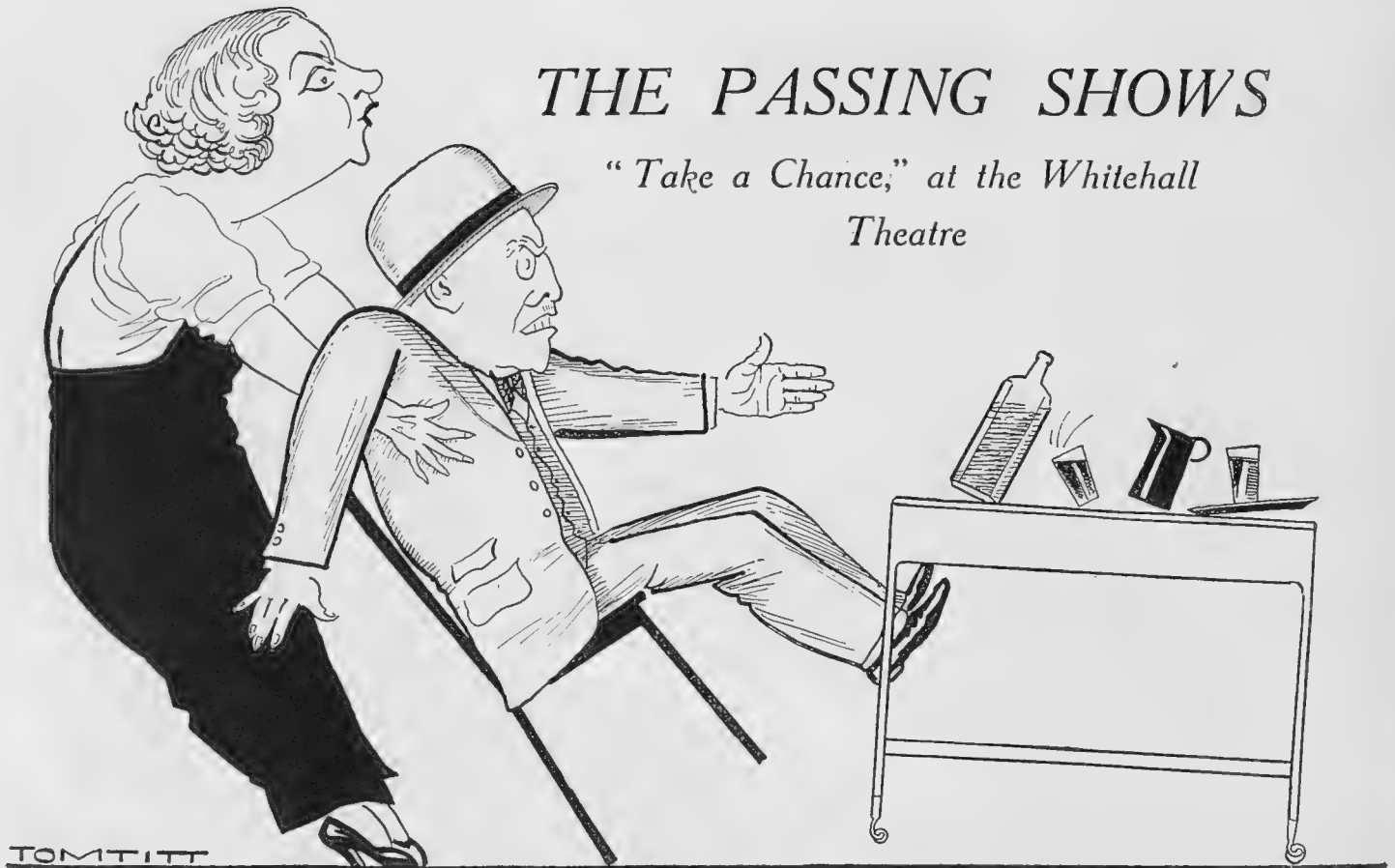
These pleasing snapshots of various intrepid competitors were taken at the Wilton Hunt Gymkhana in Wilton Park near Salisbury—a very great success which gave all hands a lot of fun. Often the things they make you do in gymkhanas are far more dangerous than riding over Aintree or trying to shoot tigers with pea-shooters. Lord Melchett is Joint Master of the Tedworth, and the Hon. Julian is his second son. The Gretna Green elopers probably had to jump a few obstacles when they flitted northward, so the picture is rather realistic, but the competitors in this case are brother and sister. The balloon bursting contest is quite novel, and the tyre trundling stakes most difficult. Mr. N. G. T. Cliff succeeded the famous ex-Quorn Master, Captain Frank Forester, as Master of the Wilton last season



WELL AWAY: MISS THALIA GORDON

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Take a Chance," at the Whitehall
Theatre



"CALAMITOUS!"—WOMAN, WHISKY, AND GLUE

The down-at-heel detective (Mr. Hugh Wakefield) employed to watch first the favourite for the Cambridgeshire, and then the owner's wife visits the Lilac Garage with disastrous results. The mechanically-minded "Bill" (Miss Marion Lorne), having drawn the horse in the Irish Sweep, sticks at nothing, not even the glue pot, to prevent a jealous husband from scratching the horse because his wife's lover has backed it down to 7 to 4 and stands to win a fortune as well as the lady. "Bill" (short for Wilhelmina) fills the seedy sleuth with whisky and then glues him to the chair



THE LOVER

Richard Carfax (Mr. Ian Hunter) puts through an elopement call to Croydon Aerodrome. He has backed his pal's horse to win a packet and the pal retaliates by threatening to scratch him.

MR. WALTER HACKETT will soon be challenging Mr. Edgar Wallace in the matter of output and industry. *Take a Chance* continues the popular sequence of rakish comedies designed to exploit the engaging personality of his wife. It is all very well for a stray critic here and there to plead for the opportunity of seeing Miss Marion Lorne in a part not specially cut and dried for the familiar tricks of her technique. Mr. Hackett has a wife who is a box-office attraction, and what is more, a box office of his own in which to collect the rewards of a mutually profitable partnership. I, for one, am heaving no critical bricks at the policy. "The mixture as before" has ever been a stand-by among the best doctors. What concerns Miss Lorne's admirers, among whom I place myself in the front row, is whether the vehicle is worthy of her accomplishments.

On the score of quantity *Take a Chance* leaves nothing to chance whatever. The spoils are divided in the ratio of 65 per cent. to the leading lady, 30 per cent. to Mr. Hugh Wakefield, and 5 per cent. to the others. Considering that the "others" include players of the skill and reputation of Messrs. Charles Quartermaine, Antony Hollis, Francis Lister, and Ian Hunter, besides Miss Ruth Taylor and Miss Barbara Hoffe, the allotment of shares is significant. The policy of surrounding a top-liner with a collection of nobodies is rarely justified by results; but wisdom would seem to whisper that, having engaged half-a-dozen admirable performers, it would be all to the common weal to give every one of them something worthy of their abilities. Mr. Hackett, however, has turned a blind eye on his reserves and concentrated on his front-line troops. Possibly he may be right, but there were many moments on the first night, when Miss Lorne was taking a well-earned rest, which put the spectator between two stools.



THE OWNER'S WIFE

Mrs. Burton (Miss Barbara Hoffe) hovers charmingly 'twixt love and honour



NEWMARKET GOSSIP

"Blinkers" Grayson (Mr. Leonard Upton) assures the Hon. Archibald Burton (Mr. Francis Lister), an enterprising purveyor of tinned meat, that his horse is a cert. for the Cambridgeshire

story is hung on the loosest of threads. The first "turn" might be called, with acknowledgments to Mr. Harry Tate, who first immortalized the humours of motoring in days when cars were fickle, coy and hard to start, "Running a Garage." An ingenious first entrance produces Miss Lorne, clad in overalls and a beret, from an inspection-pit, beneath a sportive but somewhat battered "Baby" Austin. Its near-side wheels are jacked up, its sparking plugs depend on glue and hairpins, its innards give forth the sound of a solitary tin-can, and from its tail issue, at the appropriate moment, smoke and flames.

The idea of mechanics entering into Miss Lorne's muddle-headed philosophy was a bright one. When she mended the bell it played a chime; when she "fixed up" the till the light went on and the drawer refused to shut. Such was Wilhelmina ("Bill") Ryde, inventor, mechanic, but a child in business. No wonder the "Lilac" filling station, being on a by-road and run by herself and a titled partner also in breeches (Miss Ruth Taylor) was beset by creditors. Into this haven of inefficiency comes Mr. Hugh Wakefield, as a broken-down detective, to buy petrol, and Mr. Charles Quartermaine, as a bookmaker, to offer £5,000 for a half-share in Bill's Irish Sweepstake ticket which has drawn the favourite for the Cambridgeshire. This offer explains the sudden gift of whisky from the butcher, fruit from the grocer, and Devonshire cream from the milkman: Bill, taken by surprise, finds the ticket, after frantic search, in her overalls, and surrenders herself to jubilation and the prospect of winning £30,000.

Unfortunately the offer is withdrawn. Mr. Francis Lister, a power in the tinned-meat industry, who races to advertise his wares, has threatened to scratch the horse because his wife (Miss Barbara Hoffe) has told her lover (Mr. Ian Hunter) all about its secret

The wish for her return was father to the thought that what was being enacted in her absence was padding not too happily devised, and that if she were called upon for more individual effort, enough would cease to be a feast and turn into a surfeit. The art of entertainment is to send the public away in the mood of *Oliver Twist*.

In this "All for Lorne" affair Miss Lorne helps herself effectively to two out of the three comic situations which derive mainly from the music-halls, and around which the

trial, and he, the lover, being no end of a punter, has put so much of his shirt on it that in the space of five minutes the pencillers at Tattersall's have brought it down from 33-1 to favouritism at 7 to 4. No man should be allowed to win one's wife and a fortune simultaneously.

The rest of the evening is mainly concerned with Bill's efforts to prevent the horse from being scratched. Mr. Wakefield, engaged to keep the owner's horse and wife under observation, is reduced to alcoholic inertia, glued to his chair and imprisoned under lock and key, minus the seat of his trousers. Bill sets out in pursuit of a sports Alvis which obviously must be out of tune, for the Baby Austin, in spite of its glue, hairpins, and faint explosions, is capable of equalling its rival's sixty-five miles an hour. There is a cleverly staged cameo of the Alvis's interior in which Mr. Hunter combined a belated appearance with some pleasant love-making. Another scene brings the parties together by a roadside telephone-box and involves Mr. Wakefield, now escaped and in overalls, with a comic Irish policeman (Mr. Antony Holles).

After this second diversion ("Motoring for Danger," or "Fun on the Open Road,") it is Mr. Wakefield's turn. The next "sketch" may be entitled "Drunk and Disorderly, or A Night in the Cells." Mr. Wakefield, still simulating intoxication like a perfect gentleman, still exploiting his eye-glass and his discreetly-used catch-word ("Calamitous"), is put through a series of insobriety tests which could not fail to excite the interest of Messrs. Nervo and Knox. Whether such experiments are sanctioned by the laws of the land I cannot say. If they are, all motorists should sign the pledge without delay.

Bill, having headed off the lovers from Croydon Aerodrome and a midnight elopement to Paris, now turns up at the police station and is given in charge by Mr. Lister for slashing the tyres of his car. But a few explanations soon put matters nearly right and the final scene in the paddock at Newmarket, after a protracted episode ("Fun in a loose-box"), featuring Mr. Wakefield again, still detroused, and much disjointed comings-and-goings, works itself up into the familiar climax of a stage crowd watching an invisible race with frenzied excitement. That all ends happily for Bill, with the possible exception of a vaguely impending union with the detective, is one consolation for deploring the fate of all the other characters who are left at the post to settle their domestic differences elsewhere.

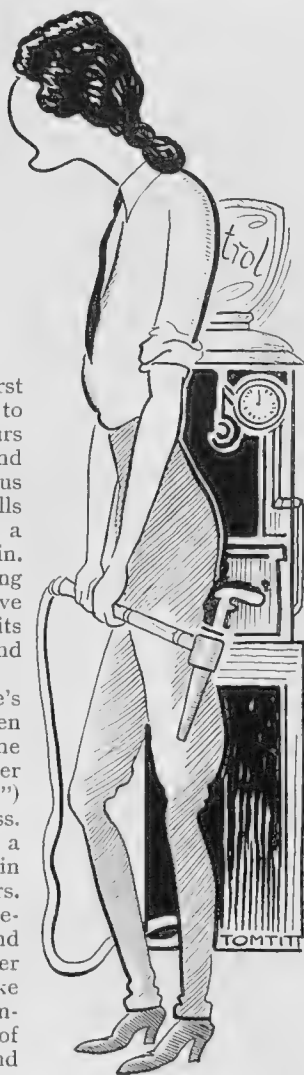
Mr. Wakefield's down-at-heel, philosophic twist to his familiar brand of monocled silly-ass is smoothly and amusingly done; Miss Lorne, more hesitating, ingenuous, and scatter-brained than ever, exhibits every facet of her delectable inferiority complex to the intense delight of her worshippers and gets almost the biggest laugh by appearing in the latest "bowler"; and the others perform their various "till readys" with charm and competence.

"TRINCULO."



THE LAW

P.C. Tugday (Mr. Antony Holles), having sold the Irish Sweep ticket which has drawn the Cambridgeshire favourite, is interested in the scratching of the horse to the tune of £1,500



"BILL'S" CO-DIRECTOR

Lady Merriton (Miss Ruth Taylor) conducting the affairs of the Lilac Garage where the till refuses to stay shut, the bell doesn't work, and buyers of petrol are presented with a cup of tea as a bonus

UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY



AT THE SCOTTISH POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS: (Left to right) MR. L. D. WIGAN, SIR JAMES WILSON, BART., MR. HUTCHISON, JUN., MR. JOHN L. SOMMERVILLE, THE HON. W. J. HEWITT, MR. J. K. HUTCHISON, AND LORD HENNIKER



AT THE LUSS GAMES, DUMBARTONSHIRE: MAJOR T. R. CHRYSTAL, ALISTER ANDERSON, AND MAJOR LECKIE-EWING



THE 1ST SEAFORTHS REVOLVER TEAM: (Seated) CAPTAIN L. J. L. PULLAR, LIEUT.-COLONEL H. W. V. STEWART; (Standing) SERGEANT H. BELL, SERGEANT H. BETTS, C.Q.M.S., J. KEIL, AND C. S. M. E. JONES



MR. EDWARD LANE-FOX, MISS PRUDENCE AND MR. JOHN LANE-FOX, AND (left) ANOTHER, ALSO AT THE BRAMHAM PUPPY SHOW



AT THE BRAMHAM PUPPY SHOW: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY AND MAJOR THE HON. EDWARD LASCELLES

August as a rule finds things shifting northwards, and both the top pictures are from north of the Tweed, one at the Scottish Gun Dog Trials and the other at the Highland Dancing and Piping contests at Luss, Dumbarton, where Alister Anderson of Tullochewan Castle and his friends were judging. Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, who is with H.R.H. Princess Mary at the Bramham Puppy Show has for years past taken a great interest in the hound side of things of this pack and made a very definite success of it. The 1st Seaforth team, seen in the picture, has just won the Dover Garrison Revolver Challenge Cup for the second year in succession. Colonel Stewart is the C.O.



AVTORI

ARGENTINA

By Autori

The wonderful Spanish dancer who, after making a tremendous success of her recent season in Paris, then came to London and did the same thing under Mr. C. B. Cochran's management. Argentina is returning to London at the end of the year in a Spanish ballet, and is certain to repeat her successes as she is quite *hors de concours* in her own special department of the dancing art

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ER SOUNDS THE "DISMISS" IN ERROR

bateman

offices of this paper at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage, 6d. extra

Two heads are
better than one



“GUINNESS
IS GOOD FOR US”

FRIENDS OF YOURS AND FRIENDS OF OURS!



"SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE ON!"

An excellent and quite unposed study of some three-months-old Airedales: a picture exhibited by the Countess Ruppin at the Berlin Amateur Photographers' Exhibition which was held recently. Dog studies are not always the easiest things in the world to do, but this one is a definite triumph



P. B. Abery

"SESS! SESS! MY LITTLE FELLERS!"

This is how puppies grow up to be good dogs! Probably these West Highlanders would not understand the word of command to eat in the same way fox-hounds would, but equally probably, no word of command would be needed and they would carry on the exercise in their own time

PICTURES FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE



THE GOODWOOD HOUSE-PARTY

Russell, Chichester

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond had this large house-party for Goodwood week. In the past it has been the custom for the Goodwood house-party to be a bachelor one, but as His Majesty the King was not able to go, to the meeting this was departed from. Goodwood incidentally is the only privately owned race-course in the country, excepting Ascot, which belongs to the King

In this group, left to right, are: Standing—Lord Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Mrs. J. de Rothschild (arms folded), Lady Doris Vyner, Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, Colonel Edwin Brassey, the Earl of Lonsdale, Sir Leonard Brassey, Lady Amy Coats, Mrs. Beddington, the Marquess of Abergavenny, the Earl of Harewood, Viscount Brackley, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Colonel Beddington, Lady Jane Egerton, Miss Jean Crichton, Mr. Clare Vyner, Captain Coats, Miss Marjorie Brassey, Mr. Alex Gordon-Lennox, and Mr. J. R. Chaplin; seated—Lady Hamilton of Dalzell, the Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, H.R.H. Princess Mary Countess of Harewood, the Marchioness of Abergavenny, and Lady Pole-Carew; the children seated on the steps are Alistair Coats and Ian Coats



Swabe

LADY WEYMOUTH AND HER DAUGHTER, THE HON. CAROLINE THYNNE



Miss Compton Collier

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE AT HENHAM HALL, SUFFOLK

The charming picture of Lady Weymouth and her little daughter Caroline was taken in the nursery at Greenaway House, Lord Weymouth's seat at Warminster. Lord Weymouth is the Marquess of Bath's son and heir, and Lady Weymouth, who was married in 1927, was the Hon. Daphne Vivian. The only daughter is rising three, as may be said. Henham, Lord Stradbroke's seat, is one of the most charming places in Suffolk, and is near Wangford. Lady Stradbroke is a daughter of the late Lieut.-General James Keith Fraser and a sister of Sir Keith Fraser, the well-known racing owner



DONNA DEGNA MARCONI

The Donna Degna Marconi is the eldest daughter of the Marchese Marconi by his first marriage to the Hon. Eileen O'Brien, Lord and Lady Inchiquin's daughter, who subsequently married the Marchese Marignoli. The Inchiquin family descend from the Kings of Munster and Clare, and Morrogh O'Brien was on the throne of Clare up to the middle of the sixteenth century. H.R.H. Princess Marie of Greece, although born of Danish and Russian blood, has from her childhood had the greatest fondness for England. She was the favourite niece of the late Queen Alexandra, with whom she lived up to the time of her death. The work H.R.H. Princess Marie did for England during the War will never be forgotten. H.R.H. started and supported three hospitals in Harrogate and Leeds at her own expense and at a cost of £50,000—selling her jewels to help to maintain them. She is the daughter of King George IV of Greece, and when twenty-three she married the Grand Duke George of Russia who was shot by the Bolsheviks. She returned to Greece when King Constantine was restored to the throne, and on the ship that took her back to Greece met the Greek Admiral Joannides, who was the commander, and married him. The Princess Marie is now engaged in writing her experiences for publication, and is shortly expected to visit America.

A PORTRAIT GALLERY FROM ITALY

Some Recent Pictures of
Interesting Personalities



H.R.H. PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE AND HER HUSBAND, ADMIRAL JOANNIDES

Photographs by Eva Barrett, Rome

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

A BISHOP was celebrating his golden wedding. A large company of friends were seated on the lawn around the bishop and his wife, including a foreign lady, who asked in puzzled accents:

"What is this golden wedding? I understand it not. We have it not in our country."

The bishop placed his arm around his wife's shoulders and replied, "It means that this dear old soul and I have lived together for fifty years, and —"

"Ah, it is of the most beautiful! And now you are going to marry her!"

The carpenter and his son were making out the weekly accounts.

"What shall we charge Mr. Newrich for that little job?" asked the youth. "I've got ten hours' work down to him."

"Ten hours," replied his father, "that will be twenty-eight bob."

The boy was about to note down this figure when his father stopped him.

"On second thoughts," said the parent, "I think we'd better make it a round figure. Put down thirty bob." He paused and added, "No; wait a minute. Make it thirty-two bob, so that it doesn't look as if I have been making a round figure of it."



THE PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK

The beautiful wife of Prince Otto von Bismarck, who is a secretary at the German Legation in London, and is a grandson of the Iron Chancellor. The Prince and Princess have a small son, Ferdinand, aged six, and a daughter, Marie Anne, who is nearly two

A mean golfer selected a little boy for his caddie, so that he would not have to pay the statutory fee. When he was about to drive off at the first tee one of the regular caddies, a muscular and brawny young man, touched his cap to the player and said, "Carry your clubs, sir?"

The player pointed to his diminutive attendant, who was not much taller than the bag of clubs he was holding, and replied: "Can't you see I'm already provided with a caddie?"

The official bag-carrier was not to retire from the contest so easily. Touching his cap again he said eagerly, "Carry your caddie, sir?"

The angler was caught fishing by the village constable.

"Fishing is not allowed here; that means five shillings fine," said the constable, sternly.

"I am not fishing," retorted the angler, "I am teaching my worms to swim."

"May I see your worms?" asked the arm of the law.

"Certainly," and the worms came up on the end of the line.

"But you must pay the fine. Your worms have no bathing costumes, and bathing without a costume is not allowed here."



AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY STEWART-CLARK AND LADY HAMILTON-DALRYMPLE

En route to the North Berwick tennis courts for the recent tournament. Lady Stewart-Clark is the wife of Sir Stewart Stewart-Clark, and Lady Hamilton-Dalrymple's husband is Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple, whose seat is The Lodge, North Berwick

A young man took a girl for a ride in his new car. On a particularly deserted stretch of road the engine went "dead." While waiting for help the young man began to make love to his companion.

"My kisses," he said passionately, "will put new life into you."

"Then, for goodness' sake kiss the car," said the girl, "and let's get home."

Bill had had a nasty fall from the scaffolding at work, and his pals flocked round to see him when he got better. They were curious to know what the sensation was like. With some imagination he described all he had felt.

"But what I wants to know," said Alf, "is whether it's true that all your sins flashes before you. Did yours?"

"Talk sense," said Bill. "I fell thirty feet not thirty miles!"

He was a rather disheartened golfer. "You know," he said to his partner, "I think I prefer swimming to golf?"

"Do you?" cried his friend, a keen player.

"Yes, you can take as many strokes as you like and never need to lie about it."



AT THE WILTON GYMKHANA: LORD ASHLEY AND MRS. T. H. GLADSTONE

The Wilton Hunt Gymkhana in Wilton Park was a bumper success and most excellently run. Lord Lord Ashley is the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir, and his father was for a time Joint Master of the Portman, next door neighbours of the Wilton

TREAT YOUR TAN



AND HAVE IT TOO!

If you are one of those fortunate women who can spend long days on the moors or by the sea and just tan agreeably . . . you are naturally interested in maintaining your tan. Above all you want to make sure that your skin is kept clear and fine textured at the same time that it turns a delicate biscuit brown.

Regular treatment with Elizabeth Arden's Preparations will keep your skin firm and fine and will prevent permanent coarsening. It will not interfere with your browning, for her specialised preparations are planned to keep the skin soft and young without bleaching it.

Miss Arden's Ideal Sunburn Oil is light, pleasant to apply . . . delicately scented . . . an enemy to wrinkles, blisters and burning . . . and assures an even tan. You can apply your make-up over it and protect your skin all day. It comes in a becoming Café shade, also Honey colour.

Ardena Protecta Cream is a thick velvety preparation that gives the skin a soft bloom that is waterproof. It is perfect for use before bathing or any outdoor sports, being a safeguard against burning and freckling. Incidentally Protecta Cream offers the loveliest of all evening make-ups.

● VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM . . . to be used with refreshing liberality three or four times a day, so that your skin never becomes dry or dusty but achieves a new softness that makes it readily susceptible to bracing and toning treatment. 4/6 8/6 12/6 22/6

● ARDENA VELVA CREAM . . . to smooth and soothe away all dryness and to restore the cared-for look. It is ideal for the full face. 4/6 8/6 12/6 22/6

● ORANGE SKIN FOOD . . . the mellow oils of this rich cream bring new smoothness to the thin face, restore natural oils to the parched skin. 4/6 7/6 12/6 18/6 35/-

● VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC . . . to cool and refresh your face. Frequent drenching and patting with Skin Tonic will wake your skin, keep it delicately moist, alive, radiant. 3/6 8/6 15/6

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ROME

Pictures in the Fire : "SABRETACHE" By

IN connection with Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke's Old War Horse Fund for buying up the unfortunate animals left behind in Egypt and giving them the merciful death they deserve instead of the living one which they are enduring at the

moment, the following sums have been received by me personally and forwarded to Lloyds Bank, Ltd., Fleet, Hants:

Mrs. MacQueen-Ferguson, £5; Miss Macdonald, £6; Mrs. Lawrie, £1; W. J. Wimbury, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Captain J. B. W. Robinson, £2 2s.

I am given to understand that some other amounts have been sent direct to Lloyds Bank in response to the note which appeared recently in this column. Captain "Hoby" Robinson is the well-known secretary of the Quorn, and he makes the useful suggestion that hunting people in Leicestershire and elsewhere might be only too ready to help if they heard more about it. The facts, of course, are these: that although there are still large numbers of these unfortunate horses which need rescuing, the expense is a non-recurring one so far as this particular affair is concerned, for most of these animals are, of course, very old. It is to stop the present misery that money is wanted. Anyone who has seen the kind of life to which the wretched cast-off in Eastern climes is condemned will be able to paint the picture for himself.

The depressed state in which we find everyone over here is not likely to be much relieved by the news of the fun some people are having on the Continent—for it is definitely disheartening, when you feel like a wet hen yourself, to hear of the high spots other people are hitting. Look at the jolly time the peasants of Albaneta have had making the Back-to-Nature gang hop it for hard life down the mountain side near the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino. The peasants caught these Nudist ladies and gentlemen bending with some birches with the thorns left in. It is some time ago now, but, so far as I remember, the hazel twigs they used to employ in my childhood's happy days never had any thorns. How they must have made these people skip! First of all, it must be stated in fairness the peasants had most politely asked the Birthday Clothes Brigade to go and find some skirts and trousers—according to sex, of course. I gather the Nudists must have said something very rude in reply. Then look at the merry time they have had at Budapest, where some gay fellimelad

stole a Hungarian Minister's only pair of trousers out of the train and he had to go to an official reception in his pyjamas and a topper. We seem to be either too depressed or too stupid to do this sort of thing here. Of course it might not

come off quite so well, as any one of our Ministers may travel with more than the one pair of bags. But why not try it on M. or S. or H. or any other that may be handy? For Heaven's sake let someone do something to relieve this appalling dead-fish atmosphere.

People are so very kind in sending me information about how things go along in the big wide spaces in the back of beyond of our Empire, that I should feel very un-

gracious if I did not use it. Some of the incidents, however, need rather careful editing, because although nowadays words which were only used

under severe provocation by sailors and others have become more or less current coin, one has to be a bit careful. I merely mention this for future guidance and not because I care a —! This story comes from somewhere in the North-West Territory of Canada, and has to do with a tour made by a most distinguished person, a lady who was writing a novel and wanted atmosphere. She was taken, with interpreter whose English was a bit rocky, to the camp, lodge, or collection of wigwams of one Great Chiëf Big Red Bull, the Number One in his region and a fine relic of the noble Red Man. The first question the Dowager Lady Barleywater put was, "Is the Great Chief Big Red Bull married?" The interpreter conveyed it to B.R.B., who made a peculiar and unpleasant noise, and looked as if he'd like to scalp Lady Barleywater.

"Big Chief say—planty married—wan ondred, two ondred, he not know 'ow many ondred wives. Yas planty, planty married he say!"

"Dear me, how very intriguing! And *what* do all these wives do?"

"Big Red Bull say—fight like the hell—all time fight!"

"Hostile obviously," said Lady Barleywater.

"Big Chief say fight hoss style, dog style, hog style, wives don't care darn what style, all squaw fight like a hell!"

If Lady Barleywater did not get a bit of atmosphere, it was not the fault of the local inhabitants plus the "Mounties," who, I believe, collected this particular yarn, only they told it to me rather differently. These pictures from out of the way spots are always welcome, and I tender my thanks to the senders.



AT THE BELVOIR KENNELS

Howard Barrett

The Belvoir do not have a regular puppy show like other packs, but the reigning Master invites brother Masters and other celebrities to an annual inspection of his young entry, and in this are many Seated are—Captain Arkwright, M.F.H. (Oakley); Mr. E. E. Barclay, Joint M.F.H. (Puckeridge); Colonel F. G. D. Colman, M.F.H. (Belvoir); Major M. Barclay, Joint M.F.H. (Puckeridge); Captain Otho Paget; Mr. Hilton Green, M.F.H. (Cottesmore); and Frank Freeman, late huntsman to the Pytchley. Standing—J. Jones (S. Notts); Will Pope (huntsman, Grafton); G. Barker (Quorn huntsman); Moss (Cottesmore hunt servant); Dick Woodward (late the Belvoir); George Tongue (Belvoir huntsman); Captain H. A. Jaffray, Joint M.F.H. (Brocklesby); and Jim Welch (Blankney huntsman)



THE HON. JOHN NORTH AND LORD GUILFORD

Howard Barrett

A snapshot taken after the recent christening of the Hon. John North's son at Southwell Cathedral. The Hon. John North is Lord Guilford's second son, the heir being Lord North, who used to be in "The Twosters"



IF MARK TAPLEY

were alive
to-day, he could
in all sincerity
say,
Prince of good
spirits myself,
I recognise a
kindred 'spirit'
in —

KING GEORGE IV





AT KIRTLINGTON: THE NIGERIAN TEAM

Reginald Silk

Which played a friendly match v. Kirtlington P.C. recently—in by the same token very sloppy weather. The names, left to right, are: The Hon. Harry Hermon-Hodge, Captain H. P. Combe, Dr. H. Holmes, and Lieutenant R. S. Bunn. Captain Combe and Mr. Bunn are both in the West African A.F. at Ibadan, and Dr. Holmes has a son in it. The Hon. Harry Hermon-Hodge is a son of Lord Wyfold

ALTHOUGH it may not be strictly correct to say that all serious polo in England comes to an end with the London season which closes at the end of July, it is true to say that from August onwards to the time when people chuck polo and get their hunters up from grass, the people from whom we may hope to collect an International team get scattered to the four winds of heaven; and whether it be the B.H.P.C. at Norton, Cowdray, Cirencester, Rugby, or Cheltenham, they are not in one spot where they can be collected at short notice. This is where we differ from the Americans, who can mobilize quickly any time up to the moment when the snow comes down, and even then their people drift to two known locations, California or Miami. We end our serious season 1931 with virtually nothing done in the way of International team building. This is nothing new, because we seem to prefer to get out of the gate late and trust to a Chifney rush at the finish to win. It won't work! They don't do it that way in the U.S.A.

The only International polo that will be played this year will be in America this "fall," as the Argentinians are going north to try to get that North v. South Cup, which they so nearly won in 1928. It is announced that the Hurlingham Club (Buenos Aires) has authorized the Argentine Polo Association to send a team to the United States to play in national tournaments. The Argentine team, which has an aggregate handicap of 32 goals, will be composed of Messrs. Lewis L. Lacey, David B. Miles, Juan B. Miles, and Daniel Kearney. Mr. Lewis Lacey, it is also stated, has been empowered to invite the American polo officials to send their best possible team to the Argentine in the near future. The last Argentine team which fought America and put up such a jolly good show was like this—A. J. Kenny (1), J. D. Nelson (2), J. B. Miles (3), and L. Lacey (back). This time Mr. Jack Nelson drops out, but both the Miles go, and if Mr. Kearney fits, and is anything like the same class, it ought to be a good team. I don't suppose they would bother to send it if it wasn't pretty warm, for they know what they are up against. I should think that it is pretty certain that America will play the team that beat us last year, or something very like it, i.e.: E. L. Pedley (1), E. A. S. Hopping (2), T. Hitchcock (3), and F. W. C. Guest (back). In 1928, when the Americans and the Argentine met, the U.S.A. scraped home by 7 to 6 in the first match, after having had definitely the worst of the deal for half-way over. They had W. A. Harriman (1), T. Hitchcock (2), Malcolm Stevenson (3), and F. W. C. Guest (back). It was a great scrap, and the Argentine looked unlucky at least not to have made a dead heat of it at full time. In

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

the second match, which was played on October 3, 1928—the date is rather interesting, because about that time we are beginning to think of fox-hunting—the Argentine won by 10 to 7, and gave the U.S.A. a proper doing all the way, the only blot in it being a bad fall Mr. Lacey got, in which he injured his stick hand. In the third match I gather Lacey was not really fit to play, and with America taking out Malcolm Stevenson, who they said was too old, and putting in young Hopping, their team was more formidable, and they won by 13 to 7; on the actual goal count there was not much in it between the two teams. The Argentine had none of the luck that was about, as Mr. J. D. Nelson also took an appalling bumper in the third match—pony bang, bustle over hairpins on him, and they say he ought to have been killed outright.

A correspondent has written me a very kind letter commending the suggestion made in these notes after the Inter-Regimental that a sturdy effort should be made to challenge the American Army for the third match for the International Army Cup, my correspondent agreeing with the statement that in spite of all, and the hardness of the times, we have not had a brighter chance since the War. My correspondent, who happens to be an ex-International, says that I have omitted to mention only one thing in connection with the short and purely tentative list of soldier players, which was published and that is that the majority of them are not long in the tooth and will not be so by the time they may be wanted, which will be (let us hope) next year. If it is not next year it will have to be 1934, because in 1933 (again I say, let us hope) we shall be busy trying yet once again to get that Westchester Cup back from America, and two certainly, and probably three of our Army team will be wanted for the International one. The matter of expense, my correspondent agrees, need not prove a stopper, since it is the American Army's turn to come over here. There would be naturally some outlay, but I should think the gates ought to cover a good bit of that, and Hurlingham, I feel sure, would be extremely sympathetic. My friend says, "Keep on hammering at it!" Delighted, but I don't think it needs any hammering at so far as the Army Polo Association is concerned, as I am sure they are just as keen as anyone else on our people having a go as soon as ever matters can be arranged with the Army Council, who I understand have the last word.



THE KIRTLINGTON CLUB TEAM

Reginald Silk

Which played the Nigerian team seen in the picture above. The names, left to right, are: Mr. Jack Bletsoe, Major G. Fleming, Sir Algernon Peyton, and Mrs. Phil Fleming. The Kirtlington Club ground is on Mr. H. M. Budgett's estate. He is the retiring Master of the Bicester. He gave up the hounds principally owing to the many bad falls he had—one last season being a real bumper



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PETROL VAPOUR :

By
W. G. ASTON.

Oh Law!

Most of our daily papers rejoice in the telling of lurid stories with a motoring "interest," but very few of them seemed to have noticed an event of real importance that occurred a few days ago. Before the Cardiff stipendiary appeared three defendants charged with what is (to me at all events) a quite new brand of automobilistic offence. Their crime (and convictions were recorded against them) was that they had used private cars for business purposes, their cargoes having been severally a milk-churn, a type-writer, and a quantity of fruit and vegetables. Their car licences were all taken out at the usual rate, namely £13, whereas the commercial rate would have been £20. I naturally do not know how many ordinary motorists are liable to be affected by this amazing decision (against which, no doubt, an appeal will be lodged), but there must be an enormous number, as witness the fact that the expression "pleasure car" is now rarely, if ever, used. It is obvious that quite the majority of cars to-day are used at some time or another for business purposes, and not solely for personal transport. It will be a nice look-out indeed if they are to be taxed as "commercial." The noble army of "travellers" will certainly be roped in to provide extra revenue, and they will be joined by the doctors who take their black bags in their cars, the barristers who drive to their chambers with law books, the architects who take plans to clients by road, and the local motor repairers who send out an urgent spare part by car instead of by lorry. Here are only a few instances; it would be easy enough to cite ever so many more. Indeed, once you get going on a principle like this it is hard to set a limit to its possible developments. It would not surprise me to learn that if Mrs. P. V. brings a joint home from the butcher's she is utilizing her car for business purposes, and is rendering herself liable to severe penalties under the Finance Act. Give the lawyers a start upon a decision like this and there is literally no knowing whither their relentless logic will take them. I daresay that there are thousands of vexatious, anomalous, and irritating points of law which, if they were rigidly administered according to the letter, would make life hardly worth living (if, in truth, it really is in present circumstances). The thing



THE GRENADIER GUARDS v. I ZINGARI

Mrs. Albert Brown

A group of the two teams which played in the recent match at Burton Court. The names, reading from left to right, are: Back row—Sergeant Wildsmith, Sergeant Skipper, Captain C. J. Vernon-Wentworth, N. S. Bannatine, A. Crichton-Maitland, Captain G. L. Verney, I. B. J. Hennessy, B. S. Hill-Wood, H. Lambton, K. Hunt, D. Nicholl; seated—Sir R. Gull, Captain F. Anson, Captain R. H. V. Cavendish, Captain C. M. D. V. Llewellyn, General Sir R. Bannatine-Allason, Captain N. C. Tulnell, Major E. R. M. Fryer, Major R. V. Martyn; front row—H. St. J. Williams, Corporal Holliday, Major T. E. G. Nugent, Captain J. A. Lloyd, Guardsman Hughes

ment seeking every clause to which the poor motorist is amenable, or do these bright ideas enter the brain of the solitary policeman on night duty? Who can tell?

A Fine Carriage.

It is some little time, quite several years in fact, since I had the pleasure of driving a Lincoln, which is the "luxury" product of the Ford Company, and I looked forward therefore with considerable interest to trying it again in its latest edition. The hopes I had formed of it were by no means disappointed, for it is a very magnificent machine. The model

I tried was a whacking big seven-seater of huge wheel-base and no mean tonnage. That is not the sort of thing to which I am accustomed, and at the sight of it I was prepared to find it a trifle heavy in control. In actual fact it was extraordinarily light, with one exception, namely the brake pedal, which wanted rather more pressure than it ought to in a car capable of such high speed and such vigorous acceleration. To some extent this may have been due to the seating position behind the wheel, which involved my outside legs in having to adopt a rather awkward angle. For the rest the Lincoln seemed to me above criticism. With a full load it very easily got its 80 m.p.h. (a bit more, to be exact) on a stretch of road that has a distinct adverse gradient. Under more favourable conditions I should think it would get its genuine 90. The engine is, of course, pretty big, being rated at 40 h.p., and it does all its work, from a top-gear crawl upwards, in a delightfully effortless sort of way. It is an 8-cylinder with the "banks" set at 60 deg., and although theoretically this arrangement does not give perfect balance there is never any perceptible vibration.



TWO ROYAL CORINTHIANS

Mr. James Bacon, the Rear-Commodore of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, and Mr. F. G. Mitchell, the Vice-Commodore. The club's G.H.Q. is in Southsea

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

A famous motoring expert has remarked that the way to decide which is the pre-eminent motor car is to ask the three following questions: What is the name which is spoken by motorists with ungrudging admiration and a kind of awe? What are the words which



compel one to think of mechanical excellence allied to beauty of line? What synonym is now recognised as representing perfection? He goes on to say that the answers must be "Rolls-Royce" . . . Rolls-Royce Limited, 14-15, Conduit Street, London, W. 1. :: ::

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ESCAPE

By HOLLOWAY HORN

THE brand new Rolls-Royce came silkily to rest outside the Malayan Club in Bildao. Madame Salvan alighted and went up the steps to the veranda, where she sat down at one of the little tables, lit a cigarette . . . and waited.

In her spectacular way, she was beautiful. Her hair had the sheen of ebony, and nature had pencilled her dark eye-brows perfectly. Her clothes breathed softly of Paris. *Soignée*, sophisticated, artificial . . . it is not easy to label her.

Her arrival created a rustle of interest, but in spite of the eternal gossip of the club, no one there knew very much about her. Paul Salvan had met her, it was understood, during a visit to Europe twelve months before. There were those who had shrugged their shoulders and spoken of the tar-brush when he brought back his bride to Bildao, but in dealing with the wife of an Armenian millionaire, whose long, tapering fingers were in every pie in Malaya, discretion was indicated even in the question of colour. And, after all, Paul Salvan had married her, although, if rumour for once spoke with truth, he had got far more than he bargained for.

Ten minutes after Madame's arrival another car turned into the club compound. Among the women who watched so unobtrusively, eyebrows were raised; here and there, perhaps, was a covert smile. Dr. Ronald Wharton was tall and fair, with the peculiar assurance that only certain English public schools can give. He nodded to several of his acquaintances, and made his way almost casually to the table where Madame was sitting.

"And how is Madame Salvan?" he asked, as he sank into a low chair at her side.

"Much as usual!" she smiled.

"It's not quite so infernally hot," he said, and went on to talk about the new hard court that was being laid down behind the club.

In spite of his air of unconcern, however, he was ill at ease, and Madame knew it.

"I had intended to call at the hospital on my way back, doctor. I haven't seen the new X-ray apparatus yet."

He glanced at her before he replied: "Do! I'm going straight back there when I leave here. Salvan hasn't seen it yet, either. It was jolly good of him to stump up for it!"

An hour later he received her on the hospital steps and proceeded to explain the new installation to her. She seemed to be deeply interested.

"I'm glad you came," he said. "I've been wanting a talk with you . . ."

She smiled, but did not reply.

They went through the wards. Here and there she chatted with a patient or a nurse. Everyone was very deferential, for Madame was the lady bountiful of the hospital.

But when they were once alone in his room her attitude changed. With an impulsive gesture she turned to him as he closed the door, and in a moment was clinging to him.

"I love you," she whispered.

"Look here, Zilla, this is foolish," he said, almost angrily.

"Anyone might come in here. You really must be careful!"

"Nothing matters if we love each other," she told him in that husky voice he had found so fascinating.

"That's all very well. Now sit down over there. I want to talk to you. I brought you in here to-day precisely in order to do so."

She sighed and stood away from him.

"You are so solemn!" she complained. "I love you. For most men that would be enough."

"Very likely, Zilla. Nevertheless, it isn't enough for me. We've been a pair of fools. You're a respectable married woman, remember, and I'm a doctor."

"My dear Ronald! When you strike these moral attitudes you amuse me. Paul doesn't matter *that* to me"—she snapped her fingers—"and you know it. You English are never honest with yourselves."

"I know he doesn't. But in spite of it I feel all sorts of a cad, Zilla. I can't help loving you—it's beyond flesh and

blood not to. But—and this is the point—he's your husband and my patient."

"I know all that," she said irritably. "But we love each other! No one knows; no one will know. You need not be . . . afraid."

"People *do* know. We've been together far too much of late," he insisted. "Bildao is simply a hive of scandal, and the tongues are wagging merrily. I love you—but I'm not a complete fool. This hole-and-corner business is getting on my nerves. And—it's no use beating about the bush, Zilla—it's got to stop."

She was silent, her sombre eyes on his.

"What's past can't be helped," he went on in a different tone. "But we've been playing with fire. I know it's my fault, but you've got to be sporting over it and help me do the decent thing."

"Sporting? That word annoys me," she said, coldly. "Whenever you want anyone to behave childishly, you English always talk of being 'sporting.' We love each other—you admit that. And you want to spoil everything in order to be 'sporting'!"

"How the devil can I go on meeting Salvan while——"

"I can meet him every day," she cut in. "I say to myself that it is only for a while. He is ill, very ill. The day will come when you and I can be together always."

"Anyway, Zilla, what I've said I mean. I've been thinking the whole business out. You're not to come here any more, and I shan't come to Purl Rao."

Her eyes were dark fire. "So you throw me over, yes?"

"That's not fair," he protested. "And you know it isn't. I love you; I love you as I've never loved another woman."

"You do? You mean that?" She was leaning forward in the low chair in which she was sitting.

"Yes," he said calmly. "But I'm not going to have your name—and incidentally my own—dragged through the mud. Professional suicide doesn't appeal to me a little bit. However much one may be in love, there are other things that matter, apart altogether from the unpleasant subterfuge and pretence we have had to keep up."

"What's happened to you, Ronny?" she asked curiously.

"Nothing. Except that I've felt more and more of a cad as the days went by. It's going to stop, Zilla."

"You mean you won't see me again?"

"Not like—this. I'm sorry, but you must see what I'm up against. It's hard enough for me as it is—it isn't pleasant saying these things to you."

She had risen. "I see what you mean. Kiss me just once. Then I will go."

Once again she was in his arms. But this time it was the woman who drew away.

He went with her to her car and remained standing after it had rolled away.

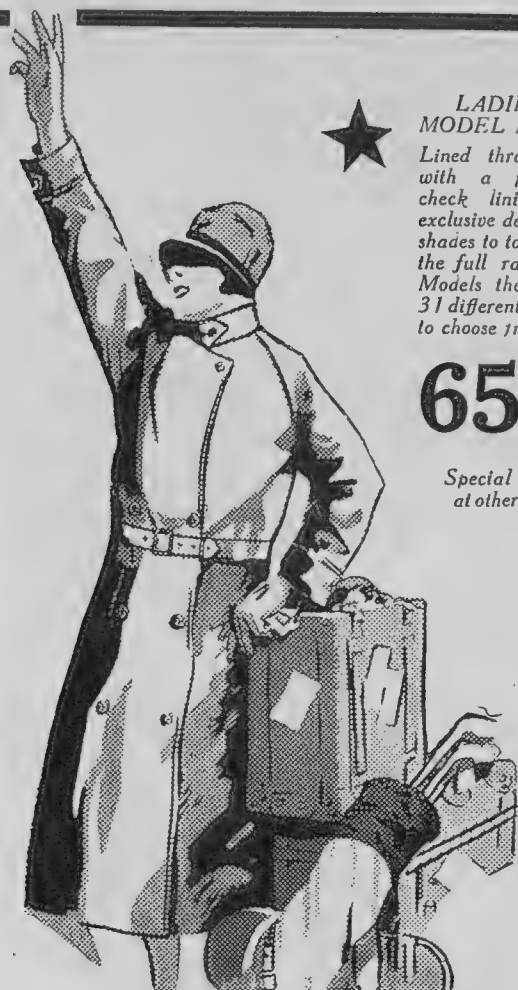
The break had meant a tremendous effort; but he knew there was no alternative. That damned climate seemed to undermine a man's strength, but he was conscious of a new grip on the old, permanent things of his life now that he had definitely broken with her. He felt more sure of himself, steadier. He knew he had been all sorts of a cad, but surely not even St. Anthony himself could have withstood those dark eyes.

She had smiled at him as she stepped into her car—a mocking, disturbing smile. Its memory remained with him long after she had gone.

They met from time to time, and, as far as Wharton could tell, she was abiding loyally by the new understanding between them. Dark eyes are difficult to control, perhaps, but as far as words went she was merely his good friend. After all, he decided, if one appealed tactfully to a woman's better nature, the result was bound to be satisfactory.

The afternoon he was suddenly called to Purl Rao, Salvan's wonderful bungalow just outside the town, she was not there to receive him. Salvan's heart was in a bad way and, as the doctor warned him, he had need to exercise the greatest care. As he was leaving he asked casually after Madame.

(Continued on p. 256)



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Escape—continued from p. 294

"She's wonderful!" Salvan said. "A perfect wife."

The doctor glanced at him sharply, half suspecting mockery. But Salvan was serious.

"She's so patient," he continued. "She's much younger than I am, of course, and this infernal heart makes me a poor companion for her."

He dropped in at the club on his way back to the hospital. She was sipping tea on the veranda.

The perfect wife!

The irony of it all made him intensely uncomfortable.

"I'm just back from Purl Rao," he told her.

"I heard you were going. How did you find Paul?" she asked in her easy, confident way.

"Bad. You know, Zilla, his faith in you is really rather fine. I'm more than thankful we had sufficient strength to pull up when we did."

"So?" she said.

"Aren't you?" he asked sharply.

"Of course," she smiled. And suddenly he saw in her dark eyes that which crumpled his complacency.

"He is . . . depressed," she said in a low tone. "He suspects—that affair of ours."

"I'm sure he doesn't," he protested.

"I know he does," she said calmly.

"But he spoke of you as the perfect wife."

Again she smiled. "You evidently do not understand Paul," she said. "I sometimes doubt whether I do. If he were *certain* he would either shoot me, or himself. Or possibly you," she added. "I often wonder exactly what he would do. I fancy he would shoot himself, probably after he had made things as unpleasant as he could all round."

"Thank goodness it's all over, anyway," he said uncomfortably.

"Nothing, my friend, is ever 'all over' in this world."

"I'm sure you're mistaken about him," he insisted.

"We shall see."

He did not stay in the club for more than half-an-hour and left her still sitting on the veranda. She remained there later than usual and dusk was deepening rapidly when she returned to Purl Rao. She dined alone, as she frequently did when her husband had one of his attacks.

Later in the evening she went to his room. He was peevish and ill-tempered; but she was patient, even gentle with him.

And in her heart was murder.

Her mind had been made up for days past.

She would bluff them all, particularly the one man who mattered. At the club that afternoon she had carefully hinted to Wharton at the possibility of suicide, the doctor was to play an important part in her plan.

As the servants knew, Salvan kept a loaded revolver in the drawer of the table by his bedside. Their knowledge of the presence of the weapon ready to his hand removed, in her opinion, every vestige of risk from the scheme.

Sleep eluded her that night. She thought of the future. Paris—London—Ronald . . . and money; unlimited money.

At six o'clock she rose. The servants were never about until seven. They all slept at the far side of the bungalow and she would be able to slip back to her room before the sound of the shot had roused them. Both her room and her husband's opened on to the veranda, and there was a door between the two rooms. She would come out of her own on to the veranda after she heard the servants. She had rehearsed the plan in her mind many times.

Silently she opened the door leading into her husband's room. It was in silence. The pale dawn was creeping in through the big window facing the veranda. She could see him lying on his side.

Within half a minute of hearing the shot, if her plan went well, the servants would find the revolver on the bed-cover near to his outstretched hand. No suspicion would be aroused; it would be a clear case of suicide.

Silently she opened the drawer, watching the face on the bed as she did so. Just inside, shining and waiting, she found the revolver. Her hand was trembling in spite of herself; she was terrified that the eyes of the man on the bed would open. If he were to look at her, standing there by his bedside with the revolver in her gloved, shaking hand, she knew her nerve would break.

She bit her lip in an attempt to steady herself; the butt of the revolver seemed to have swollen in her grip. Holding

the weapon within an inch of his temple, she fired. For a moment she stood with closed eyes. She dared not look—she saw his hand as through a mist on the coverlet; hurriedly she dropped the revolver near to it and slipped from the room into her own.

Almost immediately she heard the voices of the servants outside. With wide-open, startled eyes she came out on to the veranda, clutching her dressing-gown around her.

Several frightened Chinese were clustered on the steps, as if they were waiting for her.

"What is it?" she demanded, breathlessly.

One of them pointed to her husband's room.

"Tell me! You, Ah Ling, tell me!"

Ah Ling opened the curtain and peered in. He raised his hand in a queer, alien gesture and stood aside for her to enter.

She shrieked as she stepped inside the room, and turned back to the veranda.

"Ah Ling . . . ring up Dr. Wharton," she gasped. "Tell him. . . ." She swayed realistically, and one of the woman servants caught her.

"Tell Dr. Wharton," she moaned, "tell him that he must come at once."

Ah Ling padded off to do her bidding and after some delay succeeded in getting through to the doctor.

"Yes," was the reply. "What is it? Ah Ling? Oh yes, at Purl Rao. What's wrong?"

"The master . . . he's very ill. Madame says come now, please."

"I will be with you almost at once," replied the doctor.

It was a quarter to seven when he arrived. There was no sign of Madame, but Ah Ling came forward.

"It is the master," he said. "He is dead."

"Dead?" Wharton repeated, incredulously.

"Yes. His revolver."

Wharton drew back the curtain and entered the dead man's room. The servants in a frightened, curious group watched him from the veranda.

Within a minute he came out.

"What time did it happen, Ling?" he asked, and there was a hardness in his face and voice.

"At six . . . I telephoned to you, sir, within a few minutes of the shot."

"Thank you. Where is your mistress?"

"I am here, doctor!" she said, from the door of her own room.

She stood there immobile, a figure of tragedy, dramatic and effective as ever.

He turned and regarded her coldly.

"Come in here," she faltered.

He followed her into the room.

"Isn't it awful?" she said. "I heard it . . . it was like a thunderbolt."

"It is awful," he replied, in an ominously quiet voice.

"The poor man!" she went on. "I was certain that he suspected us; I told you so." She was grasping the bed-rail as though for support, her pale, anguished face on Wharton's.

For several seconds he contemplated her in silence.

"What kind of a woman are you?" he asked at length, contemptuously. "Don't try any more of this silly play-acting with me, for God's sake!"

"What—what do you mean?"

"You dare to suggest that he committed suicide because of us?"

She stood upright, her dark eyes on his. "Yes," she said defiantly. "Because he knew I loved you."

"He didn't commit suicide at all; and, moreover, you know he didn't."

"What are you saying?" she cried in sudden panic. "D'you mean that I—that I killed him?"

"No, I don't mean that."

"Then what do you mean?"

Again he watched her for silent seconds before he said with slow emphasis: "Your husband had been dead for at least six hours when you say he committed suicide. He died of heart failure. *It was a dead man you shot!*"

In our issue of July 29 last we published a photograph of Miss Chapman, stating that the lady was a sister of Mr. A. P. F. Chapman. We now learn that this statement was incorrect and we wish to apologize for any annoyance or inconvenience it may have caused.

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★ If you prefer a Six, ask for particulars of the new Chrysler Sixes.



This is the new Leveson Baby Car known by the name of the "Sunningdale." It is beautifully modelled, its graceful and harmonious lines giving an impression of dignity. (See page ii)

Hats, and Again Hats.

GOODWOOD, on account of the unpleasant weather, was a disappointment from a fashion point of view. Mackintoshes and neat hats trimmed with *motifs* of breast plumage or quills were worn. Some were of velvet, some of felt, and others of velour, the straw hat having passed away. Ostrich feathers were also abandoned—doubtless because of the rain. This, however, does not mean their death—no doubt they will return to favour in the autumn for modish social functions. The word bowler is most elastic and covers many shapes; in a few weeks the true bowler will not exist—another shape will bear its name. There is a particularly becoming model that may do so; it is a cross between a tricorne, a bowler, and a Robin Hood, is worn well down on the right side and sharply turned up on the left.



Simplicity is the characteristic feature of these Tress hats; velour makes the one at the base and felt the others. (See page ii)

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

The Important "Hood."

The "hood" is the technical name for the fabricating medium of a hat before it is blocked. A few years ago after the hoods had been treated they could not be

altered; now the milliners do not quite finish their work, by which means they are able to adapt the shape to suit the prospective wearer. It may be the front needs shortening or the brim is too wide; then it may be cut. Should it be too narrow a small *motif* may be

introduced at the edge. Should a softening influence be required a curled ostrich feather may caress the right ear; it is so small that atmospheric conditions have no deleterious effect on its beauty. Even when the hats are finished the brim can be cut and adjusted in a variety of ways. Hence women will be able to express individuality in their head-gear and obtain something that is really exclusive for little cost.

Birds, Quills, and Veils.

There is something very attractive about the modern veils; they are of gossamer-like texture, more often than not they camouflage the hat, and are draped over the shoulders, or they may hide the column of the throat. Later on they will form soft draperies at the back; green parrots and other birds are used for decorative purposes; an attempt is being made to create a vogue for paradise plumes and coque feathers. Sometimes two or three quills have their edges cut to suggest a Greek key pattern or vandyke; subsequently they are dovetailed together, and as they are of contrasting colours a geometrical design is represented. Ribbon with fringed edges is another revival, and looks remarkably well on hats that are destined for women who have passed their first youth.

Broadtail Cloth.

Fashions in tailor-mades and coat-frocks are of paramount interest. Double-breasted coats, in conjunction with rather deep basques, will be well represented; and there is a decided tendency for skirts to become narrower, thereby introducing a peg-top effect. Broadtail cloth is being extensively used for the coats of tailored suits, the skirts being of a plain woollen fabric; a skirt of chocolate brown, with hat to

match, looks ultra smart with a beige, broadtail cloth coat with stockings *en suite*. This fabric is available in many shades, including wine-bottle green, grey, and of course black and white. There are many new weaves and fabrics that have been created for the autumn, many have a tweed effect, indeed they are so numerous it is impossible even to enumerate them.



Women of generous proportions may wear this dress as it will give unto their figures graceful and harmonious lines, and in addition will have a slimming effect. At the Maison Davies, 13, Lower Grosvenor Place. (See page ii)

"Ribs" and Tartans.

Among the many novelties in knit or woven wear, as it is sometimes called, are the double-breasted tartan waistcoats. They are destined to be seen in conjunction with plain Cashmere cardigans of the predominating shade in the design. These fascinating affairs have

(Continued on page ii)



A Fashion Parade on the Bathing Beach

"Ribana" Swimming Suits are so definitely different that their appearance on the beach has all the attractiveness and importance of a Fashion Parade. Never before has colour in wool been employed so effectively, never has bathing wear been so cleverly designed as to invest with style what must still be a strictly practical garment.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

gone into residence at Selfridges, Oxford Street, where they are companioned with an infinite variety of original and modish jumpers and cardigans. Furthermore, it is safe to predict an immense vogue for abbreviated jumpers and cardigans in which the influence of the monkey jacket is plainly discernible. An important feature of the same are the horizontal ribbed hems at the base. As they occupy practically no space, they may easily be worn beneath a wrap or other coat. A few words must be said about the smart white jumpers reinforced with red woven in boleros, the line of demarcation being softened with misted spots; they are available in other colour schemes. Attractive black models have white yokes stitched with black, and there are white spade-shaped vests treated in the same manner.

* * *

Toby Collars and Narrow Frills.

All monotony is banished from the woven jumpers and their attendants at Selfridges. Too much cannot be said in favour of a shaded lace stitch affair; the round neck is finished with a Toby collar of the same fabric; frills are present at the wrists; and they make quaint little basques. Another autumn conceit is to have the collar and half the sleeves, and it may be the narrow frills down the front, carried out in white angora, no matter the colour of the jumper. To put the matter in a nut-shell, the lingerie touch has been translated into angora. Some of the models have high, white collars which rest against the column of the throat instead of standing away from it in the Medici manner, and more often than not they are caught in front with a neat woven cravat bow and ends. By the way, a feature is here made of woven blazers in the gayest of colours; they are ornamented with brass buttons, some are piped with white, while others are innocent of this form of decoration; one can become the possessor of one of these for 27s. 9d. And then— isn't it wonderful news? —that real cashmere curtains are 21s. 9d.

* * *

The All-Important Two-Piece.

There is no chance of there being any change in the basic principles of the two-piece, although in details it will vary. It is in the ready-to-wear department of Jays, Regent Street, W., that the model portrayed on this page may be seen. It is carried out in a diagonal wool mousse, a material about which all Paris is talking. Many new features are present in it. The

coat has an inverted pleat at the back inspired by that of a riding-coat; there is a pointed yoke, and as will be seen there is only one rever; the skirt is noteworthy on account of the geometrical working of the material, the scheme is completed with a turn-down collar and tie, and of it one may become the possessor for 22 guineas.



Model, Jays

AN AUTUMN TWO-PIECE

Picture by Blake

Carried out in diagonal wool mousse. It has gone into residence in the ready-to-wear department of the Maison Jay, Regent Street, W. Many new features are embodied in it, including a single rever and turn-down collar

A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that in this department a feature is made of 5½-guinea frocks; a particularly smart model is carried out in a French wool fabric flecked with a contrasting colour; there is a becoming basque, and touches of white piqué at the neck and wrists.

For Women of Generous Proportions.

It is now universally acknowledged that the Maison Davies, Lower Grosvenor Place, is a Mecca for women of generous proportions who wish to be well dressed. Everything there represents harmony of proportions, and the art of balance is well understood. Furthermore, the dictates of fashion are never neglected; they are blended with graceful lines. To this firm must be given the credit of the evening dress pictured on the right of p. 298. It is of black georgette enriched with black and silver embroidery, the scheme being completed with a soft drapery which falls from the shoulders.

* * *

Hats for the Holidays.

It is during the holiday season that women need hats innumerable, and they will be well advised to see that they bear the name of Tress; they are sold by milliners of prestige, but should difficulty be experienced in obtaining them application must be made to Tress and Co., 3, Stamford Street, S.E., who will gladly send the name and address of their nearest agent. They are responsible for the trio pictured on p. 298. The model at the top on the left is of Soleil felt with a small curled quill at the side. The model on the right is of the same felt, and has a ribbon motif in which three colours are present. As there will be a vogue for velour this autumn, the hat at the base is made of plain and patterned featherweight velour; it is available in a variety of colour schemes.

* * *

A Danger Averted in Baby Cars.

A large, spacious baby car is often in danger of looking and being unwieldy. The last danger can be averted only by an absolutely exact balance, and the first only by skilful expert designing; these points characterize all Levesons, big and small. The Sunningdale is one of the new models built by John Ward, and may be seen at 26, Knightsbridge. It finds pictorial expression on p. 298; it is a large car, and looks it. However, it is so beautifully modelled that it never appears cumbersome. Its graceful, harmonious lines give a striking impression of dignity which, combined with the invariable resilience of the tested steel springs and the sheer luxury of the hair upholstery, make it stand out even among Levesons. All interested in the subject of baby cars must write for the new illustrated brochure; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.



This very lightweight Hat is in Angora Home-spun Fur Felt. It is finely stitched on the crown, and is finished with a narrow band and bow of petersham ribbon. The Hat may be worn turned down or up off the face. It will roll for the pocket without crushing. Colours: tabac, mastic, bottle green, reseda, morocco, beech, sandstone, beige, fawn, chanel blue, navy, cardinal red, light and dark saxe, grey, black. Sizes: 6½, 6¾, 7, 7¼. Price 12/11

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Suit, 79/6 Cap, 15/6

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Eve at Golf:

By
ELEANOR E. HELME

DEAR dear! How hard it is to tell the truth—or rather to know what that elusive thing may be! Here was I, definitely told by a most truthful and reputable Northerner, that Cheshire, had they won the Northern Divisional tie, had no intention of coming down for the County Finals, and therefore repeating that item of news to a horrified world. I now learn on the direct authority of Cheshire themselves that there was no such stuff in their thoughts, and that I must urgently correct the statement, which might be thought a slur on their sportmanship and team spirit. So the statement is hereby corrected, with sincere apologies.

Every visitor to Scotland, beginning with Dr. Johnson and continuing to H. V. Morton, dares to make some sort of comment on the country and its contents, and the golfing correspondent is not exempt. After watching Scottish golfers for the better part of four weeks, first in International matches and the Open Championship, then in their own country in Foursomes and the Scottish Championship, perhaps a few general observations may be permitted, especially as they follow on to many years of spectatorship at the Scottish Championship.

There is no doubt about it; speaking generally, if you want to see what women's golf ought to look like, go to a Scottish championship. Mind you, I do not say that you will see better figures achieved than in the English Close, but there is this big difference between golf as played in the two countries. In Scotland you look round at the great majority of competitors, and all of them appear to hit the ball beautifully. The swing is orthodox, full of both grace and punch; there is something convincing about them all; you say to yourself, "Here are golfers." Close watching may disclose weaknesses; they may go crooked, duff shots, take three putts just as other mortals, but the swings are there, the potential element of a champion.

When, on the contrary, you go to an English championship, your impression is the other way round. You see many indifferent styles getting good results, better, possibly, than some of these attractive Scottish stylists who look so infinitely superior. To be brief, at the risk of being uncomplimentary to both, the Scottish golfers look good and may be bad; the English look bad and may be good.



What does your hand say? Mrs. Porter, Miss Livingstone, and Miss Worsley



Mrs. Alec Gold, Mrs. Walter Payne (whose husband is well known in the theatre world), and (behind) Mrs. Abe Johnston

Morgan, and see if you can pick faults in their style. It cannot be done. Perfect style must always make it easier to play perfect golf, and what is easy is always the



Scottish players at Portmarnock: Miss C. M. Park, Mrs. Burton, Miss V. Lamb, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, and Miss Jean McCulloch

more consistent, the more enduring in moments of stress. Those beautiful Scottish stylists, given opportunity and temperament, could all be turned into first-class golfers; the good (by which I merely mean successful) English golfers of faulty styles succeed in spite of that hindrance and purely because of their much greater experience in competition golf.

That is the whole point of the matter. It is, of course, possible to play too much competition golf, even if you consider merely the well-being of your golf and take nothing else more important into consideration. But on the other hand there is a competition, and above all a championship atmosphere which must be experienced again and again before a player is proof against its evil influence, able to take positive inspiration from it.

Until a golfer is hardened to meeting players of her own sex better than herself, who counter shot for shot and are never beaten till the last putt is holed, she may remain a good stylist, even a brilliant performer in her own club, a golfer respected by her friends of both sexes, but she will not win championships.

And that is where the English golfers score. With possibly more money at their disposal, with certainly a greater number of open events in which they can gain experience, they acquire that championship spirit which overcomes their bad styles, makes them able to go further than their golf, judged merely by its outward appearance, suggests.

Yet somehow, one would not alter the Scottish golfers. They seem, on the whole, to bring a happier zest to golf than the English players, an enjoyment of the game as a game which utterly belies any suggestion that they are a dour race. Scottish championships have lighter moments than any English, and when they have a good International victory behind them, as they have had this year, there is a swing about the proceedings which the English might envy.

The International Shield, so proudly displayed and inspected at that triumphal dinner to the team which enlivened Gullane during this year's Scottish Championship, goes comparatively unnoticed south of the border. Can it be that much success has made England blasé? If so, nothing better has ever befallen her than Scotland's decisive beating of her at Portmarnock. Scotland and England alike, in different ways, will thrive because of that result.

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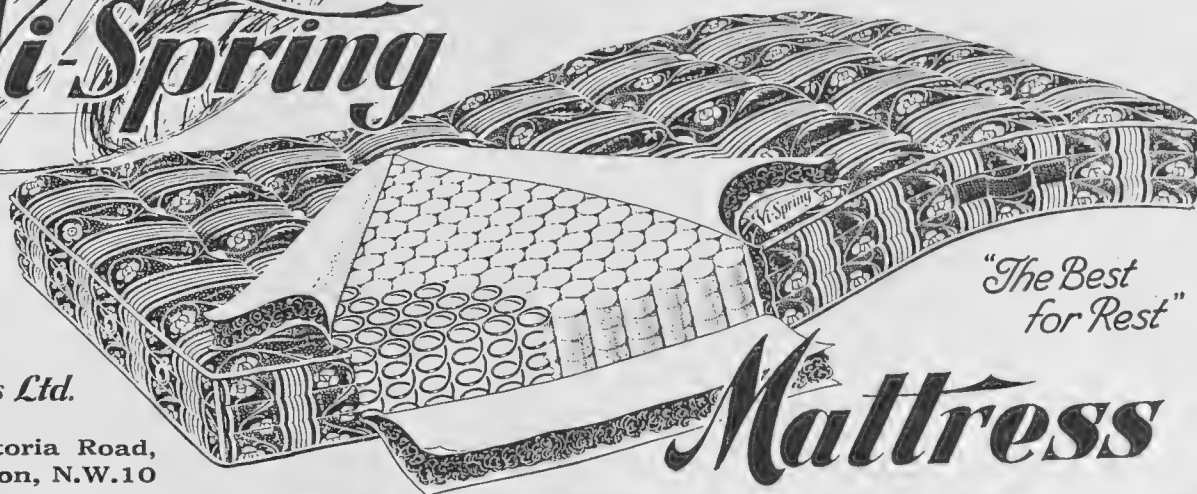
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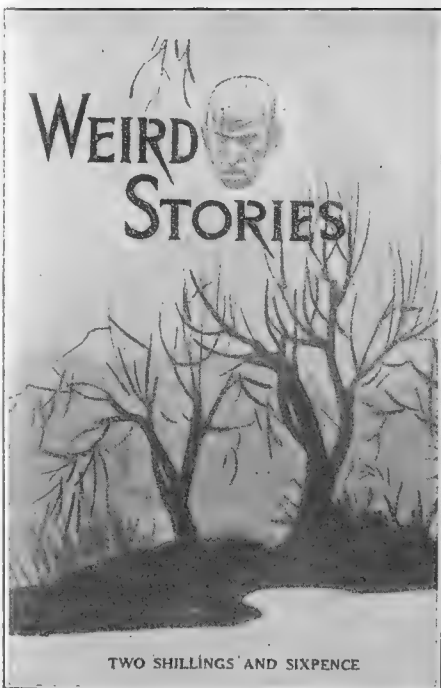
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WEDDINGS AND

In India.

On October 15 Captain P. H. M. Cann, 4th Battalion, 14th Punjab Regiment, is marrying Miss Isaline Cann, and the wedding will take place in Bombay; another October wedding to take place in Bombay is that between Captain D. J. C. Wiseman, 2nd/15th Punjab Regiment,

and Miss Pauline Pridmore, the only daughter of Colonel W. G. Pridmore, C.M.G., I.M.S. (retired), and Mrs. Pridmore of Langham Mansions, S.W.

* * * This Month.

Dr. Richard Lythgoe and Miss Katharine Tansley are being married on August 17 in London; on the 11th Lieut. Colonel A. C. H. Dean, D.S.O., O.B.E., late Royal Artillery, marries Miss Marjorie Isabel Fellowes, and the marriage will be at Milford; the 28th is the date arranged for the marriage

of Mr. Raylton Dixon, 16th/5th Lancers, and Miss Margaret Cook, which will take place quietly at St. Mary's Church, Nunthorpe, Yorkshire; and on the 11th, Mr. Wilfred Tatham, M.C., and Miss Rachel Balfour are being married at St. Mary's Church, North Aston, Oxfordshire.



Dorothy Wilding
MISS INEZ COPE



MR. AND MRS. NEVILL VINTCENT

After their marriage on July 21 at Richmond. Mr. Nevill Vincent, D.F.C., late R.N. and R.N.A.F. is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Vincent, of Cape Town, and his bride was formerly Miss Pamela Johnson, the elder daughter of Mr. J. R. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson of Marshgate House, Richmond, and sister of Miss Celia Johnson, the well-known young actress

ENGAGEMENTS

September.

The first day of the month is fixed for the marriage of Mr. E. V. Dolby and Miss Joyce Kendrew which is to take place quietly at the Church of St. Mary, Oatlands, Weybridge; on the 3rd Mr. Arthur Trengrouse (Bill) Waldron marries Miss Sylvia Jean Anderson; and on the 10th there is the marriage of Mr. Robert Joicey Dickinson and Miss Alice Barnett which is to be at Hexham Abbey.

* * * Recently Engaged.

Mr. Henry James Cumming Lattey, the only son of the late Major J. C. Lattey, Royal Field Artillery, and Mrs. Lattey of Priors Court, Worcestershire, and Miss Edith Marjorie Martineau, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martineau of Bolney House, Ennismore Gardens, S.W.; Paymaster Lieut. - Commander Kenneth

U. White, R.N., the son of Dr. and Mrs. Gaskell White of Low Wood, Heathfield, and Miss Ina Jacobs, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Jacobs of Downland, Heathfield.



Hay Wrightson
MISS MARGARET INGLIS

The elder daughter of Mr. John A. Inglis, K.C., King's and Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, and Mrs. Inglis, of Auchindinny, Midlothian, and Edinburgh, who is marrying Mr. Alexander Edward Dalmahoy, of Calcutta, on October 24, and the wedding will be in Edinburgh

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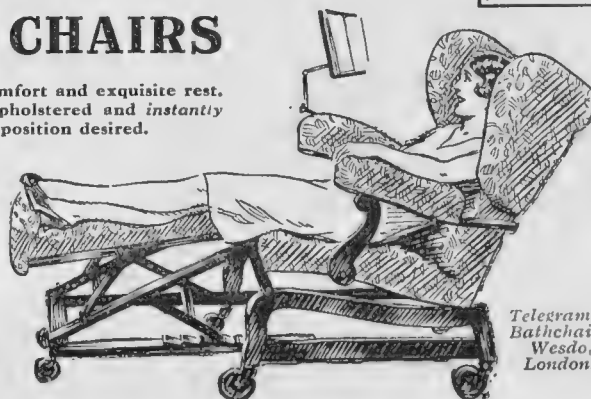
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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There was a meeting of the Show Committee on July 17, Lady-Howe, chairman, presiding; also a meeting of the Finance Committee on July 29, Lady Faudel Phillips in the chair.

I have been much amused at the various letters which have been appearing lately in the "doggy" press about judges at shows. To read these is to get the impression that the judge is the vilest and most venial of mortals, and that a novice exhibitor's only chance is to hoodwink him or her. Novice exhibitors do not realize how great a help it is to their dogs to be put down properly and trained to show correctly. In addition, being novices, they do not realize that different judges attach importance to different points; also, that if the same dog (presumably their own) always won, shows would soon die out. It is the "glorious uncertainty" which attracts. Anyway, the disappointed exhibitor can take comfort from the well-known lines:

"O, isn't life stale and flat
When there is nothing to grumble at?"

Miss Graham Weall is one of those who have helped to bring the pug back to favour; her dogs are well known to us. She has done extremely well of late with the dogs she has shown, and has brought out some good ones. The photograph is of Dandina, who is the mother of the famous bitch, Phidgity Popinjay, who unluckily died whelping. Two of Dandina's children are for sale, a lady and a gentleman, eight months old. The gentleman has done a certain amount of winning. The lady is less beautiful, but she has a delightful nature, which is better; also, is very smart. Miss Weall has a young fawn lady for sale, five months old and most promising. But the best is kept till the last; this must be described in Miss Weall's words: "She is a miniature black bitch, very beautiful indeed, with a lovely head; she does not weigh 10 lb. She has done some



DANDINA

The property of Miss Graham Weall



GUELDER CHINCHILLA

The property of Mrs. Gatacre

good winning, and when more mature (she is only twelve months old) will win again and well. Tiny pugs are good, as these are scarce."

Mrs. Gatacre is one of the leading authorities on the keeshond, and she sends a photograph of one of her best bitches, Guelder Chinchilla, who has won well at shows recently. Mrs. Gatacre says, "I have a most lovely litter sister of hers for sale, and some other young bitches, and would consider putting them out on breeding terms," so here is a chance.

Mrs. McDonnell's famous Darenth prefix is well known wherever interest is taken in the dandie; many are the winners that have come from her kennel. The flourishing condition of the dandie fancy in the south is chiefly owing to her. She sends a photograph of Champion Darenth Penny, winner of sixty firsts (eighteen in variety classes), eight challenge certificates, Green Star in Dublin, and three diplomas for best of all breeds. Mrs. McDonnell has a good many puppies for sale at present of all ages to make room for young litters.


Miss Collier writes she has some beautiful Scottish terrier pups for sale, all black and very well bred of course. They can be seen by appointment at Eggham. She also has a very small black Scottish terrier bitch suitable as a pal only for sale cheap. Miss Collier boards dogs while their owners are away, and keeps them in the house if required.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



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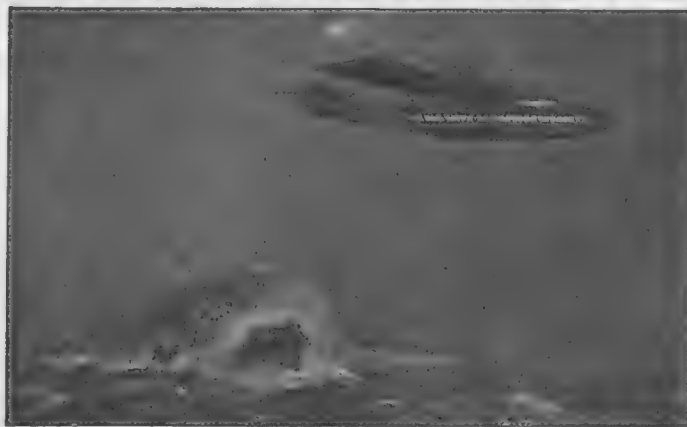
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for £20 to help a lame boy to learn a good trade. The lad developed infantile paralysis when he was a child, but has all along made a good fight against his difficulties, and has studied at evening classes to improve his education. He is anxious to be trained as a dental mechanic, and it has been arranged for him to enter the work-shops of a big practitioner, but his earnings for the first year will be merely nominal, and he badly needs help for fares, clothes, and food. The father is a carpenter, but his work is most irregular nowadays. The mother is an incurable invalid, and has to pay a woman to look after her and see to the house, so that after the rent and extra expenses are paid there is barely enough to feed them. Help is badly needed to make a regular allowance weekly of 7s. 6d. for the first year to assist to give a good start to this very steady lad.

Some sixty-five years ago Jules Verne first enlarged upon the idea of a submarine in his romance, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. To this he gave the name of the *Nautilus*. It was rather a primitive affair. Its journey throughout the seas provided in fiction what has since become fact, and we now read of a new *Nautilus* which is to make an expedition under the ice to the North Pole under the direction of Sir Hubert Wilkins, the famous Arctic explorer. It is an interesting fact to note that among the various preparations that have been made for the convenience and comfort of the men in the *Nautilus* provision has been made for the food to be kept in an electric refrigerator. This may sound like taking coals to Newcastle—or, more appropriately, ice to the North Pole—but in considering the advance of modern electric refrigeration, it is not so absurd as it may seem. For such long periods away from recognized methods of communication it is essential that food should be preserved in a constant atmosphere and temperature which will permit of its remaining fresh for some

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THE NEW AIR SERVICE TO DEAUVILLE

Deauville was put on the air map last week when the aerodrome in the forest was opened by the French Air Minister, and the Air Union ran the first machine of their new daily Croydon-Deauville service—the journey taking 2½ hours. In this group at Deauville are Lord Donegall, Mr. Rupert Grayson, the novelist, and Mr. C. Bagot-Gray

Joan Crawford, the most beautiful of Titian-tinted brunettes, and Clark Gable, the most fascinating of brutal gangsters, get away with new personalities in *Laughing Sinners*, which is now being shown at the Empire. Miss Crawford becomes a glorious blonde, who deserts the cabarets for the Salvation Army—or, as someone suggested with that cynicism which painfully marks the mentality of some film critics, leaves the streets for the street corners—and Clark Gable triumphs as a preacher of salvation who is sincere, humorous, and entirely likeable. Neil Hamilton is Joan Crawford's lover, a travelling salesman, and how much he looks like one! Marjorie Rambeau is her actress friend. Guy Kibbee, Cliff Edwards, Roscoe Karns, George Cooper, and George F. Marion play other experts in salesmanship, poker, flirtation, and cabaret.

For a short season at the Dominion Theatre the British International Pictures are presenting *My Wife's Family*, with Gene Gerrard, Muriel Angelus, and a strong cast. The programme also includes Dr. Arnold Finck's wonderful film, *Avalanche*, and on the stage Debroy Somers and his band are giving selections from their repertoire.

The new musical play, *Waltzes from Vienna*, to be produced by Hassard Short for Sir Oswald Stoll at the Alhambra will start on Monday evening, August 17.

The "Sunniest" Magazine on the Bookstalls



Some of the contents of the August issue

- "BLACK IVORY," by C. Fox Smith
- "THE SPIDER AND BRUCE," by Owen Archer
- "QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHILDREN," by Frank B. Chancellor
- "THE HAUT MONDE OF CROOKDOM," by C. Patrick Thompson
- "A WOMAN OF PARTS," by George Froxfield
- "STRATOPLANING WITH PICCARD," by Ferdinand Tuohy
- "THE RACKETEERS," by Dudley Sturrock
- "CRISIS AT CARTHAGE," by Fletcher Allen
- "TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: THE STORY OF CAGLIOSTRO, THE LAST OF THE GREAT SORCERERS," described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.
- "TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY," by Gordon Beckles
- "FROM A PLANE DARKLY . . ." by Hannen Swaffer
- "STARS—OR METEORS?" by Sydney Tremayne
- "A HOME FOR TWO," by Winifred Lewis
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